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SELECT REVIEWS.

NEW SERIES.

FOR JANUARY, 1813.

Sixth Report of the Directors of the African Institution; read at the Annual General Meeting on the 25th of March, 1812. To which are added, an Appendix and a List of Subscribers.
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IT gives us sincere pleasure to resume, from time to time, our notices of the proceedings of this excellent and useful institution; both because we thereby obtain fit opportunities of keeping the attention of our readers directed towards the important subjects of Africa and the West Indies, and because we always find materials for extending our knowledge of that unexplored continent. The latter reason will be found peculiarly applicable to the present publication, which is inferior, in importance and originality, to none of those that preceded it.

Before proceeding to the proper subject of this article, we must remark, that a change appears to have taken place in the office of secretary of the institution. We regret to find that Mr. Macaulay is no longer able to continue the discharge of those duties, which he had with distinguished ability performed, at great personal loss and inconvenience, since the beginning of the institution. Any praise of ours, however, would be unavailing, after that honourable testimony borne to his merits in the unanimous resolution passed at the general meeting, which is inserted at p. iv. of the volume before us. Mr. Macaulay had formerly refused a similar testimony of regard, voted at the general meeting of 1810; about which time, he also, with a disinterestedness rare indeed, abandoned to the actual captors his

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A

share of a large pecuniary penalty incurred by a slave trader. He is succeeded in the office of secretary by Mr. Garrison of Queen's College; a gentleman of distinguished reputation at the university, and who having recently quitted the bar, is enabled to bestow an undivided attention upon the duties of his new employment.

Our attention is, as usual, first directed to the execution of the abolition laws—the great pillar of African civilization—indeed, the point from which the course of improvement in that vast continent may be said to spring. That the English traders are at last checked, we believe, cannot be doubted. They will not risk a conviction of felony, and sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. The American government, too, having abolished the traffic, and the decision in the noted case of the *Amedie* having shown British cruisers in what manner they may enforce the American prohibition,—few vessels bearing that flag are now engaged in it, compared with the former amount. But, on the other hand, a prodigious slave trade is still carried on by those famous allies of ours, the Portuguese and Spaniards. Cuba is daily extending her cultivation—the Brazils are more and more crowded with miserable victims. In short, so thriving is this enormity, that the directors do not hesitate to state, from their own information, that between 70,000 and 80,000 negroes were carried over in the year 1810. This dreadful commerce was confined chiefly to the coast between Cape Palmas and Benguela. The Portuguese treaty confines the trade in vessels of that nation to places actually in possession of the Portuguese crown; and had it not been for the small island of Bissao, (a place of no earthly value, except for the purposes of the slave trade), this traffic must have been wholly destroyed to the northward of the equator. This islet, however, has become an *entrepot* for all the slave merchants whom the vigilance of our cruisers has driven from the other parts of the coast; and though the treaty nominally excludes the Portuguese from every part of the coast north of the equator, except Bissao, this denunciation is of little avail, while they can smuggle over negroes from all parts of the coast, in canoes, to Bissao; from whence they have a right to transport them in open day to the Brazils. Mark the baneful effects of this exception. Bissao is situated at the mouth of the Rio Grande. An intelligent naval officer lately visited its banks; and he describes the devastation which prevails there, as exceeding all belief. He distinctly states, that 'the country, on both banks, is quite unpeopled by the slave trade.'

Now, there is nothing like putting the case home to ourselves. Suppose the French had got possession of the little island called the Bugio, at the mouth of the Tagus; and, without any pre-

text even of a quarrel with Portugal, were to assemble an immense force in that river, sufficient to overpower all resistance, and every night were to send some hundreds of boats to scour the shores, and carry off two hundred of the stoutest and healthiest and happiest of the people in Lisbon and its neighbourhood; and suppose this were to last, without interruption, for two years, so that those banks which used to swarm with Portuguese, became a perfect desert, the few whom the French left having perished helplessly by famine and disease. Suppose, moreover, that instead of carrying off all the captives to fight or serve in France and Germany, the spoilers hurried them away in the most crowded vessels, where they were laid in chains on their backs, and scourged or screwed every time they made a noise; till, after eight weeks of such misery, they arrived in the worst of climates, and there, were lashed to pieces under a burning sun until they died, or only survived to suffer and labour more, and curse the strength of constitution which kept them from a speedier release by death.

If such a case as this were brought distinctly before us, should we not awaken all Europe with cries against France, and for the liberation of Portugal? Should we not say, that all the other oppressions of the French—all their common invasions—their spoliations and conscriptions, were a mere trifle compared with this; that human nature had put on a new shape; and that iniquity now visited us in a form which completely obliterated the recollection of every previous enormity? We will not stop to inquire what the Spaniards and Portuguese would themselves say to the matter; but certain it is, that the case we have been putting is exactly that which they are at this moment exhibiting to the world, with aggravations which each circumstance of the fact, that we might add to our own enumeration, would accumulate. All that we have supposed themselves to suffer, from the French, they are at this moment daily and hourly making a people endure, to the full as virtuous and deserving as they are. Every horror that we have fancied the enemy to enrage all Europe, by exhibiting in the Tagus, our faithful allies—the friends of Spanish and Portuguese liberty, whom we are supporting with all our treasures and forces, in a struggle with comparatively insignificant evils, are hourly perpetrating in Africa, against the most innocent and peaceful creatures in the world, without ever exciting one moment's indignation in any part of Europe.—So inconsistent are the feelings of statesmen;—so ignorant or inobservant are nations of all that passes at a little distance;—and so important are the mistakes of names, by which men are led, and the sanctions of use and habit by which they are restrained!

But neither governments nor people must escape under cover of such reflections as these. It is fit that they should be roused, and taught greater consistency. They have no right to plead ignorance, or habit, or inadvertency. When they are reminded that these Africans are as much human beings—as much their fellow-creatures as if they wore a dingy brown, instead of a shining jet black hue,—bore the features of European ugliness, instead of the marks of African beauty,—and inhabited the filth of Lisbon, instead of the uncultivated richness of the Rio Grande; then it is too late to mete out a different measure of justice or of feeling to the two races, and to sit quietly by, while the one treats the other like brute beasts. We are now at war with France, literally, because she has carried away one prince from Spain, and driven another out of Portugal;—and those Spaniards and Portuguese allies of ours, are every day carrying off princes as independent as either Ferdinand or the Braganzas; and, in addition to this, laying waste their whole territories, and actually extirpating their nations. While we make such sacrifices for Spanish and Portuguese rights;—while by our assistance alone—God knows how costly to ourselves—those liberties are saved from the common enemy; is it too much to ask leave to remind the Spaniards and Portuguese, that others as well as themselves have rights; and that the charm of liberty and independence are not confined to the Peninsula—where, to say the truth, they never have been very much enjoyed!

But it is said, we defend the Peninsula not merely from principles of justice, and from an abstract hatred of oppression, but because we consider our own interests as affected by the fate of the Spaniards and Portuguese;—and, indeed, the strange contrast of our East-Indian and our European systems of policy may seem to favour this idea. Be it so:—Admit that our motives are not quite pure—quite free from interested views—Have we then no interest in checking the slave-trade of foreign nations?—Are our West-Indian colonies nothing to us?—Or have we forgotten, that all their distresses are owing to the unnatural extension of culture by means of the African commerce? the rapid cultivation of Cuba and Brazil is as hostile to our own planters, as the free culture of the cane in our own colonies: And is it not hard upon them, that all our efforts to extirpate the trade should be confined to ourselves, while foreigners are in truth reaping the benefits of our abolition, and preparing to glut the markets with their produce?—Surely those settlements for which we have made such sacrifices, to the importance of which we have borne such unceasing testimony, by almost confining our attention to their defence and extension in every war, have not all of a sudden lost their value in our own eyes, at the

very moment when their real interests are identified with those of the species itself, and the great cause of humanity and justice. This view of the subject, we confess, appears wholly subordinate in our eyes; but, secondary though it be, we allude to it merely to show that there is ground of interest, as well as principle, to bear out those who contend for an immediate and powerful effort to induce our allies to give up the guilty commerce of Africa.

It is however necessary here to remark, that although a considerable part of the Spanish and Portuguese slave-trade is carried on by the subjects, and with the capital of those countries, especially of the latter; and though the whole, or nearly the whole of it, be for the supply of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies; yet, in many instances, British subjects and capital, and in still more, the subjects and capital of the United States, are concerned, under the colour of the foreign flags. The high risks now attendant on such speculations, must prevent British subjects from embarking in them; and accordingly, the directors express their confident expectation, that the slave-trade felony act, when carried into effect on the coast, will take away this branch of the traffic. In America, however, the temptations of profit held out by the trade, have still to struggle only with the risks of capture, condemnation and penalties; the laws of the United States not yet regarding it as a crime. We cannot but think, that a proposition to adopt our law upon this subject would be favourably received in congress; and if it were acceded to, and a law passed declaring slave trading felony, then it is plain that English and Americans could no longer venture to continue the crime; for our cruizers would see the law executed, by detaining for trial all persons of either nation found implicated. A large amount of what is now carried on for the Spanish and Portuguese colonies would thus be destroyed—and the English abolition rendered more effectual. The remainder would consist entirely of that which is *bonâ fide* driven by Spanish and Portuguese subjects and capital.

Before leaving this topic, we shall give a specimen of the frauds of this trade, not merely to gratify the reader's curiosity, but in the hope that it may meet the eye of some of our cruizers, and convey hints to their vigilance and zeal in detecting and repressing the traffic. It is in the case of the brig *Amelia*, alias *The Agent*, condemned at Sierra Leone. The following is the letter of instructions found on board of her, from the joint owner at Charleston to the acting partner who sailed in her. The whole concern being American, this letter will show how it was disguised.

‘ The voyage on which we have jointly embarked, and which is now left to your discretion, is of a *very delicate nature*, and requires the *greatest prudence and discretion*. In order to qualify the agent to bring a cargo from the coast, it will be necessary to put her under Portuguese colours: this, with the assistance of Messrs. Sealy, Roach, and Toole, of Bahia, for whom I enclose you a letter of introduction, you will easily be able to effect. They will procure for you some *honest* Portuguese merchant, who, for a small sum, shall undertake all that is necessary for owners to do. A captain of colour, one officer, and part of the crew, in compliance with the laws, must be Portuguese; but the Portuguese captain, at the same time that he must be instructed by the pretended owner, to appear for him on all occasions in protecting the ship and property, must also be instructed not to interfere with the navigation of the ship, except at your request; and he must be put entirely under your orders. As you shall have to grant a bill of sale for the brig, when she is apparently sold, you must be very cautious to take a counter bill of sale; and again, as collateral security, a bottomry bond on the vessel for 10,000 dollars, with a power of attorney from the sham owner to you, to sell and dispose of her in any manner you shall think proper. I would wish you, besides, to take a very strong declaration in writing, witnessed by Sealy, Roach, and Toole, that the sale made by you is merely fictitious; that the cargo and her earnings are *bona fide* your property; which declaration must be couched so as to be a perfect quit-claim from him and his heirs for ever. The next thing I have to recommend to you, is to conduct this business with every possible caution and secrecy, and to prevent as much as possible the knowledge of it to reach either our consul or ambassador, as they might perhaps write home on the subject, and even any of the American captains who may happen to be there at the same time with you. You must therefore appear very cool and indifferent in the business, to let nothing transpire of your future plan, and act as if you were only thinking of returning home. After you have made your brig a Portuguese, you will have to take in a cargo fit for the coast, and proceed there with every possible despatch. I enclose you a memorandum of the articles which I think will answer best for the trade, to which memorandum I have added a few observations to regulate you for the articles that you could not find, and which might be replaced by others. To this list, however, I do not wish by any means to confine you; I leave it, on the contrary, to you to improve it or curtail it, according to the information which you will be able to collect, as that trade is much followed at Bahia. Negroes are often very plenty there; and if they can be bought at from eighty dollars to one hundred dollars, I would just as well end the voyage there, and give up the trip to Africa.’—

‘ It now remains for me to direct how you are to do with your people after you have sold the brig. The very first thing is to discharge all the people, paying their wages, and making the best terms possible with them in writing; as by the laws of the country the owner is obliged to find them a passage home and wages till they arrive. It

is very essential that none of your people, except those who are to stay with you, should have the least suspicion of your future plan: I would recommend, therefore, that before you enter on any of your transactions, you would see these people out of the country, that they cannot come and talk here of what you have done. I would rather lose some little time, nor would I mind some little expense, to get rid of them cleverly. The ship's log-book should afterwards be kept in Portuguese: no English writing, touching the voyage, should be on board: the fewer entries in the log-book the better, to be done under your eyes. She should have no colours but Portuguese on board; your present flag thrown away when the brig is sold; and all the papers sent back (under cover) to me: your register, however, you had better bring back yourself.

‘Wishing you a prosperous voyage.’ p. 36.—39.

We may remark in passing, that Mr. Toole, one of the house to whose care this *honest* gentleman is consigned, and who is to aid his undertaking, and help him to evade the American laws, is American vice-consul at Bahia!—we ought to say *was*; for of course he must have been removed, upon these particulars coming out. Our readers may be desirous of following the adventure, of which they here see the beginning. It had a most tragical termination. After following the preceding instructions, and getting himself completely furnished with Portuguese captain, crew, papers, and flag, the owner and real captain arrived at Angola, and *took in a lading of two hundred and seventy-five slaves*; that is to say, packed those miserable beings, chained and ironed, into a space where they could not turn themselves; and, by the most cruel discipline, was bringing them over for infinitely worse miseries in the Brazils, when they rose upon him and his crew, got possession of the ship after a stout resistance, in which many negroes were killed, and put their oppressors, (with a degree of unmerited humanity highly honourable to the poor Africans) into a boat, with sails and provisions. Unable to navigate the ship, however, their provisions ran short, and the greater part of them perished of hunger. When they were taken and carried into Sierra Leone, their wretchedness surpassed all description; but, by kind treatment, the survivors were restored, and a piece of ground has been given them, where they are building a village, and living in comfort and freedom. The following is the deposition of one of the crew.

‘*Ned Brown*—Declares he is a native of Cabenda, and was put on board the brig Amelia, as a slave, by Prince Conzee, his father. It is the custom of his country, for a man, when in want of money, &c. if he has three or four children, to sell one or more of them, and keep the others. His father sold him and his sister together: his sister is now here. When he went on board the brig, he found a man,

named Jack White, a slave of the captain's, who had come from Charleston in the brig. Heard that White, when in America, had stolen some articles, for which his master had to pay. His master had given him a severe flogging for this; and also flogged him several times, when at Cabenda, for drunkenness and fighting. White took off his clothes and showed the slaves his back, saying, 'See how my master has flogged me: when he has taken you to white man's country, he will flog you the same.' When the brig got to sea, White urged the slaves to rise.

'One morning a noise was heard forward. The captain called upon me on hearing the noise, and asked what was the matter? I said I did not know. The captain then went upon deck, with the mate and the rest of the people: they had only three muskets, and a pair of pistols belonging to the captain. It was rather dark, and the slaves kept crying out, 'Jack, Jack!' The captain then spoke to the mate, and told him to keep an eye upon Jack, and shoot him. The slaves then came to the barricado with large pieces of wood; and Jack White attempted to break the barricado with a large hammer. The mate saw him, and shot him through the jaw: the ball cut away his tongue; and when he fell down, he seized hold of the cable with his teeth, and died in that posture. I was told that Jack White opened the hatches, and let the slaves upon deck: they were not in irons, having been let out some days before. The captain soon after went down below, and ordered the boat to be lowered down from the stern, which was done. None of the sailors were killed: nine of them, and the captain, went into the boat; and I opened the cabin windows, and handed them two baskets of bread, a piece of ham, nine bottles of porter, nine bottles of wine, and two jars of water. I wanted to go with him, but the captain would not let me, saying, 'You are a black man; the slaves will not kill you; and you see I have a small boat and too many people in her.' They then hoisted two sails in the boat, and went away. Three of the Portuguese sailors ran into the women's room; and the boatswain, a mulatto man, ran up to the top of the mast. When the boat was gone, the slaves found them, and wanted to kill them; when I advised them 'not to do so; for if you kill them, where will you take the vessel? you do not know how to make sail.' They then consented to spare their lives, on condition of their taking care of the vessel. A great number of the slaves were killed, about thirty, before the captain ran away. They were four months at sea before they came to Cape Mount: for the greatest part of the time they had nothing to eat but a very little farina, (i. e. cassada dried and ground to flour) and water to drink. A very great number of the slaves (principally boys and girls) died of hunger.' p. 39, 40.

After noticing the successful pains which have been bestowed by the British naval force on the African station, to the northward of Cape Palmas, where, but for Bissao, not any remains of the slave-trade would be found, and mentioning that a similar force has recently been despatched to the southward of that point, with every prospect of similar success, the directors pro-

ceed to the subject of the enormities committed in some of the West India islands. Into this part of the subject we need not enter at large; having, since the last report, had an opportunity of discussing it fully. We may remark, however, that scarce an arrival takes place from the West Indies, without bringing additional proofs of the absolute necessity of vigilant attention on the part of government to the due execution of the laws respecting slaves. Nor does there seem any real cure for the great evils which now deform our colonial system, except the one which we formerly took the liberty to point out—a strict attention to the choice of persons who shall fill colonial offices. A rule ought most rigidly to be laid down against ever naming to any of those important stations any person having West India property. However pure a man's motives and dispositions may be at first, he cannot avoid being more or less infected with the spirit or interests of the body to which he himself belongs. If he is a planter, and a master of slaves, how can he avoid leaning towards the master and the planter, in a question where the *esprit du corps* is so highly excited? We speak not here merely of instances in which men filling great public stations have grossly misconducted themselves, and sought the gratification of their own views by the abandonment of their highest duties. Instances of this sort we know full well there have been:—and we fervently hope the delinquents may be brought to justice. But we allude also to the various occasions on which a far lighter degree of guilt—the effects of a prejudice not quite inexcusable in favour of a class to which a man belongs—may yet produce the worst consequences. It is our humble, but very decided opinion, that no planter should ever be appointed either governor, commander, judge, or revenue officer in the islands. The only chance that the laws have of being fairly enforced, is from the efforts of functionaries, counteracted, as they always must be, by the body of the colonial society.—Chuse them from that body; and this chance utterly fails.

We now come to the most interesting part of this report, a branch of the labours of the institution, which, we rejoice to say, becomes more and more promising daily,—the improvement of the continent of Africa by direct means, and, as preparatory to these, the extending our knowledge of it. The present report is peculiarly attractive in this respect, and promises speedily a yet more considerable contribution of information. For dwelling with more than ordinary delight on this department of the subject, we may find some excuse in the circumstance, that it recalls to our recollection the commencement of our labours ten years ago,—when we began our series of articles upon topics connected with Africa, by following the adventurous and unfortu-

nate track of Hornemann. This retrospect gives us no feelings but those of pure satisfaction; because we verily believe, that we have in some small degree been useful to the great cause of humanity; and that Africa has been, in a manner, benefited by the progress of this journal.

The commission of African inquiry, sent out by the government, has, it would appear, been at length closed; and their report made. This was retarded by various unforeseen occurrences, particularly by the death of Mr. Ludlam, one of the commissioners; and captain Columbine, another of their number, unfortunately died before his return, which has deprived the institution of much important information. Before his death, however, he had drawn up a report, in which Mr. Dawes, the surviving commissioner, concurred; and it has been laid before government with his additional remarks, and by government communicated to the board of directors. This report, and the notes and other communications from the commissioners, furnish the most important parts of the information contained in the appendix to the work before us.

The first branch of the report of the commissioners relates to the state of the slave-trade, and the means of curbing it. We have already adverted to this part of the subject; but the commissioners state a fact which deserves farther attention. By the captures in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, the transport of about 2,800 Africans had been prevented; and by the condemnation in that settlement of other vessels, with cargoes (as they are called) on board, 1,088 persons had been released. Of these 471 were men; 196 women; and 421 children. 'A considerable 'number' (add the commissioners) 'of the nearest and dearest 'kindred, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers 'and sisters, who had been kidnapped or stolen at various times, 'and put on board different vessels, have been thus unexpect- 'edly restored to each other at Sierra Leone; and whenever 'any of them have desired to return to their own country, and 'such return has been deemed practicable, they have been al- 'lowed to do so; being first provided with a paper under the 'hand and seal of the governor, certifying that they are to be 'considered as his people, and under his protection; which is 'looked upon, according to the customs and law of Africa, to 'be a sufficient security against further molestation.' An ob- servation is subjoined, of great importance to the question of African civilization. 'All the people thus returning home, must 'naturally be more than ever the enemies of slavery, as they 'cannot fail, in the last four eventful months of suffering and 'liberation, to have acquired some new ideas of freedom, which 'will of course be gradually diffused amongst their friends; and

' seeing that all white men are not their enemies, but that one European nation considers the slave-trade as unlawful, and is determined, if possible, to put an end to it, the natives may by degrees feel some encouragement to liberate themselves from this horrible thraldom. The right of making slaves seems formerly to have been confined to the kings or chiefs; but on the west coast of Africa, where power is so diffused that it is difficult to say with whom any tolerable share rests, the constant practice at present is, for the people in general to kidnap each other, wherever one party is personally stronger than the other, and has connexions sufficiently numerous to secure his victim.' (p. 69.) It seems most plain, that the agents of government, and the African institution, cannot do more for the improvement of that continent than to pursue the hint here afforded. Let them kindly treat all the slaves whom they may release, and then send them back to their own districts; carrying with them, to their barbarous countrymen, a recollection of our humanity, and of the horrors of the slave traffic, together with such improvements as our intercourse may have taught them.

Several remarks on the colony of Sierra Leone then follow. Its misfortunes are well known; but, of late, it has been prospering as well as might reasonably have been expected. The climate is much better for European constitutions than that of almost any other part of the coast. There are now 400 houses within the walls of Freetown, containing 1917 inhabitants, beside above 2500 negroes, freed by sentences of the admiralty court, and residing there under the protection of the government. There is a considerable number of European forts on the coast, apparently very useless, except for slave-trading purposes. From Apollonia to Acra, a distance of only 64 leagues, there are no less than twenty-seven; and the expense of the British forts is about 25,000*l.* annually. We believe it is in the contemplation of government to dismantle all these except one or two, which will be put in a respectable state of defence.

The notes of the commissioners form the most valuable part of this publication, and throw very considerable light upon the state of the African continent. We have first to notice an account of the tribe of Kroomen, by the late governor Ludlam. The Kroo country extends along the grain coast, between Cape Mount and Cape Palmas, from $4^{\circ} 54'$ to $5^{\circ} 7'$ north latitude. The chief town, Settra Kroo, is in longitude $7^{\circ} 48'$ west. This district, though small, is extremely populous; and the natives are of a migratory disposition. Above 800 are employed as labourers at Sierra Leone; and they are to be found at every factory and town along the coast for a space of 350 miles. They are employed as factors or intermediate merchants, boatmen and

sailors; and, while the slave-trade was carried on upon this coast, they had their share of its occupations. After the age of forty, they return and settle at home. Their country produces grain, particularly fine rice, pepper and cattle; but their staple article is their own labour, with which they purchase goods, and return to their home with the produce. To find this in Africa is a singular anomaly. Wars are rare among this people; and they never sell one another, nor kill their captives; nor do they punish any offence by slavery, though witchcraft is a capital offence, and the only one that is invariably so among them. While the slave-trade lasted, they used to kidnap the *bushmen*, or natives of the interior, and sell them. The following passage we recommend to those speculatists who dream about natural and fixed incapacities of the Africans.

‘ When hired by the month, their wages depending on the time they are at work, not upon the work performed, they are apt to be very indolent, unless carefully superintended. But they are fond of task work, or working by the piece; and exert themselves exceedingly when the reward is proportioned to the labour. When I first arrived in Africa in 1797, it was deemed a gross absurdity to imagine that a Krooman would do any kind of work unconnected with boats and shipping, as in that way alone they had hitherto been employed; and it was supposed their prejudices against innovation could never be overcome. Necessity forced us to try the experiment; and we now find that Kroomen will employ themselves in agricultural labour, or in any other way by which they can get money. They seem to think, at the same time, some kinds of work much more creditable than others. The washerwomen at Sierra Leone have lately employed their hired Kroomen in carrying home baskets of wet clothes from the brook. I have heard them grumble very much under their burdens, because “ man was made to do woman’s work;” nevertheless, as they gain money by it, they are disposed to put up with the indignity.

‘ In their expenditure they are most rigid economists: a little tobacco is the only luxury which they allow themselves. In every other respect they are contented with the barest necessaries. They are allowed nothing more for their subsistence than two pounds of red rice a day, (which makes only from one pound and a half to one pound and three quarters when clean and fit for use), and of this they will sell half when rice is dear. Though extremely fond of rum when given to them, I believe they never buy it. I speak generally; for some will never drink it though offered to them. Their clothing I have spoken of already: probably it does not cost them ten shillings in a year. The residue of their gains is converted carefully into such goods as are most valuable in their own country. In eighteen months or two years, a sufficient stock having been collected, the Krooman returns home with his wealth. A certain portion is given to the head men of the town; all his relations and friends partake of

his bounty, if there be but a leaf of tobacco for each; his mother, if living, has a handsome present. All this is done in order "to get him a good name;" what remains is delivered to his father "to buy him a wife." One so liberal does not long want a partner: the father obtains a wife for him; and after a few months of ease and indulgence, he sets off afresh for Sierra Leone, or some of the factories on the coast, to get more money. By this time he is proud of being acquainted with "white man's fashion;" and takes with him some raw, inexperienced youngster, whom he initiates into his own profession, taking no small portion of the wages of the *élève* for his trouble. In due time his coffers are replenished; he returns home; confirms his former character for liberality; and gives the residue of his wealth to his father to "get him another wife." In this way he proceeds perhaps for ten or twelve years, or more, increasing the number of his wives, and establishing a great character among his countrymen; but scarcely a particle of his earnings is at any time applied to his own use.' p. 93, 94.

One of the most singular parts of their character, is their extreme love for their own country, and their confident belief in its vast superiority over all others. Every action of their lives bears a reference to it. All their exertions are to obtain wherewithal they may return and live there. Like the Swiss, the Scottish Highlanders, the Piedmontese and the Galicians, they ramble from it only to love it the better, and to enable them to live, where alone they can be happy, at home.

'The indifference of Kroomen' (says Mr. Ludlam) 'to European arts and European comforts, made me once think them a very dull race of men, to say the least. I was struck when I first came to Africa with the different manner in which a Krooman and a Mandingo man (a Mohammedan) viewed an English clock. It was a new thing to both of them. The Krooman eyed it attentively for about a minute, but with an unmoved countenance, and then walked away to look at something else, without saying a word. The Mandingo man could not sufficiently admire the equal and constant motion of the pendulum; his attention was repeatedly drawn to it; he made all possible inquiries as to the cause of its motion; he renewed the subject next morning, and could hardly be persuaded that the pendulum had continued to "walk," as he called it, all night. In general, I think, the case is nearly the same. They have little or no curiosity about things which are of no use in their own country; they are careless about our comforts and luxuries; none of them have been rendered necessary by habit, and they would often be inconsistent with the principal objects of their pursuit. But Kroomen are sufficiently acute and observant, where the occasion calls their minds into action; but it is rather from a general view of their character and conduct that I say this, than from particular specimens of ingenuity. They have not the use of letters, and will not permit their children to learn; they talk miserably bad English; living by daily labour, which is paid for

in European goods, they have no occasion for manufactures of their own. They have but few opportunities, therefore, of displaying peculiar talents. They make their own canoes, several of their implements of agriculture, and some trifling musical instruments: I know not of any thing else worthy of notice. I ought not to omit, however, that they sometimes plead in their own defence with much art. The evidence against one of the very last I examined on a charge of theft was so strong, that few men would have had the boldness to deny the charge. The culprit, however, began a long speech with expressing his sorrow that I was not born a Krooman, and proceeded to enlarge on the superior ability I should in that case have possessed to distinguish between truth and falsehood, in all cases wherein Kroomen were concerned; not forgetting the security against deception which I might possibly have obtained by means of those fetishes of which white men knew not the value or the use. Had I possessed but these advantages, I should have known, he argued, how much more safely I might rely on his veracity than on all the evidence produced against him; although it was backed by the unfortunate circumstance of the stolen goods being found in his possession.' p. 99, 100.

The next communication of the commissioners, is a sort of journal of observations by Mr. Ludlam during his voyage to the Gold Coast; and it contains a number of details, chiefly useful in a geographical and nautical point of view. The natives in most parts of the coast are fond of designating themselves by English names. Thus, we find one king called king George; probably out of the respect in which our royal family's known attachment to the slave-trade (before it was prohibited and made a felony) caused them to be held in that country. Others call themselves by appellations somewhat less dignified; such as, *Pipe of Tobacco*, *Bottle of Beer*, and so forth.

The next article is a very curious one. Governor Columbine, having a desire of opening some direct communication with the native princes, found an agent admirably well suited to his purpose in the person of John Kizell. He was a native African, and son of a chief. When a boy, he had been made a prisoner, and sold on the coast. Every effort had been made by his father to reclaim him by ransom; but he was carried to Charlestown in North America. He had enlisted, with many others, under sir H. Clinton's proclamation, and served in the American war. He came out to Africa with the Nova Scotian blacks. Being an intelligent man, of excellent character, and the warmest lover of his country, the governor employed him in a negotiation, for the purposes of the abolition, with the chiefs in the Sherbro river. The object of this judicious mission was to turn the natives, if possible, from those slave-trading habits which the long endurance of European iniquity has made so prevalent amongst them. The article now before us contains some most interesting

extracts from his sable excellency's diplomatic correspondence. We can freely recommend his style to the European Kizells—our Malmsburies and Freres—or the paragraph writers of the East—as no bad models of conciseness and perspicuity. The following passage exhibits, among other things, the material difference between African and European princes.

‘ I went to Sumano with the head man. I gave him the things you sent for him: he was glad, and all his people. I then showed them your letter. The young people were thankful for the word they heard, but there were some that did not like it. I then asked them, ‘ From the time your fathers began to sell slaves to this day, what have you got by it? Can any of you show me how much money you have; how much gold; how many slaves, and vessels, and cattle; how many people you have?’ They said, none. Then I turned to their king: I asked him in what was he better than his people? He said he was the poorest: he said he only talked palavers when any one brought them to him to talk. I then asked him, what they gave him for his trouble? He said, nothing. I then told him, ‘ Our king wants to make you rich; and you must hearken to what he says.’ He said, that my king talked right; he wanted the country to be free. He then promised that he would give land for that good work, but that he cannot do any thing before he sees all the rest of the kings.’ p. 115.

Our diplomatist found himself, as happens elsewhere, counteracted by rival powers, viz. the slave-traders, whose interests were much endangered by his mission. The following account is humiliating to all who have real English feelings in their bosoms.

‘ I then went to Safer. There were 100 people there with the king. When I came, the first word was, ‘ Are *you* come? It is *you* that have got all the slave vessels taken out of our river. You are come to make war on us:’ with much more to this effect. I told the king I was sent to him: why would he not hear what I had to say before he began to make these charges? There was a young man with the king, who said, ‘ Kizell, says he, is sent to you: why will you not wait till you hear what he has to say?’ The king said this was right. I gave the governor's letter to him. He said, I should not read it to him: he had a white man that could read it to him. He sent for Crundell; and when he came, the letter was given to him. Crundell looked at it, and immediately cursed and swore, and raved: he told the king and his people that the governor was a nuisance: ‘ He is like Bonaparte: he wants to take the country from you. As for Kizell, he is the worst man the governor could pick out at Sierra Leone to send to you. Kizell is a troublesome, undermining man. The people of Sierra Leone want to take the country, as they have taken my goods from me,’ (probably alluding to the capture of slave ships). I then got up and called Mr. Taylor, a mulatto man, who was present, to

bear witness to all that Crundell had said, as he would, sooner or later, be called to account for it. I told him I knew *he* did not want the slave-trade to stop: he wished to kill the people's children and to drink their blood. He said he did not know what I meant. As for selling slaves, God had ordered them to sell slaves: if God did not like it, why did he not put a stop to it? I told him that God had ordered him not to swear: why did he not obey him in this too? Mr. Taylor then told him, that what he had said against the governor was not right: the governor loved the people, and did not like they should continue in slavery: the letter he had sent was a friendly letter: if Kizell had not been a trusty man, the governor would not have sent him; ' Yet you, Crundell, tell the people not to hear him.' Crundell asked, why had they not rather sent *him* the act, and desired *him* not to sell slaves? but now he *would* sell slaves. I told him that *he* knew the law already, but that he wanted to fatten on the people's blood.' p. 116, 117.

In all his negotiations, Kizell found the utmost aid from the old treaty between the king of England and the Sherbro chiefs. But they did not fail now and then to complain of the British monarch for the slave-trading policy of his government. ' I told ' them,' says he, ' to look at Tasso: all the young people of that ' place had been sold: the town was now broken up, and had ' none but old people in it. As I spoke, they all hung down ' their heads. They said, " All the letter says is truth: all you " say is the truth; we can say nothing against it." Then I said ' they must leave off these practices. They said, " They knew " that the kings of England and Sherbro were friends in the " old time; the old people had told them so: but the king of " England had thrown them away, and had sent his ships to buy " them, although the agreement was, that they were not to be " sold, as they were his people." This was rather a home ob- servation, and might have puzzled a more experienced and regular diplomatist. But our ambassador got out of the diffi- culty as well as Talleyrand himself could have done. He told them, ' I have heard so too; but it is a subject on which I can't ' give an answer. You must send a man to the governor, and he ' will give you an answer.' The following picture of the charac- ter and condition of the people, and of their king, is curious. We also see in it the effects of the slave-trade but too visibly.

' I will now describe how the natives live in this country. They are all alike, the great and the poor; you cannot tell the master from the servant at first. The servant has as much to say as his master in any common discourse, but not in a *palaver*, for that belongs only to the master. Of all people I have ever seen, I think they are the kindest. They will let none of their people want for victuals: they will lend, and not look for it again: they will even lend clothes to each other, if they want to go any where: if strangers come to them,

they will give them water to wash, and oil to anoint their skin, and give them victuals for nothing: they will go out of their beds that the strangers may sleep in them. The women are particularly kind. The men are very fond of palm wine; they will spend a whole day in looking for palm wine. They love dancing; they will dance all night. They have but little, yet they are happy whilst that little lasts. At times they are greatly troubled with the slave-trade, by some of them being caught under different pretences. A man owes money; or some one of his family owes it; or he has been guilty of adultery. In these cases, if unable to seize the party themselves, they give him up to some one who is able, and who goes and takes them by force of arms. On one occasion, when I lived in the Sherbro, a number of armed men came to seize five persons living under me, who, they said, had been thus given to them. We had a great quarrel: I would not give them up: we had five days' palaver: there were three chiefs against me. I told them if they did sell the people whom they had caught at my place, I would complain to the governor. After five days' talk, I recovered them. Sometimes I am astonished to see how contented they are with so little; I consider that happiness does not consist in plenty of goods.—

‘The king is poorer than any of his subjects. I have many a time gone into the houses of their kings. Sometimes I have seen one box, and a bed made of sticks on the ground, and a mat, or two country cloths, on the bed. He is obliged to work himself if he has no wives and children. He has only the name of king, without the power: he cannot do as he pleases. When there is a *palaver*, he must have it settled before the rest of the old men, who are all looked upon as much as the king; and the people will give ear to them as soon as they will to the king.’ p. 125—127.

So various is the condition of kings in different countries! From this and other parts in Kizell’s letters, a king is in these tribes really regarded as a sort of evil or burthen; if we may use the expression—a *bore*. Thus he says, when a present comes to the king, ‘he gets but little of it. If he is old, they will sometimes tell him he has long eaten of the country, and it is time ‘for the young people to eat as he has done. If the present consists of rum, they all must have a taste of it, if there is not ‘more than a table spoonful for each. If tobacco, and there is ‘not enough to give every one a leaf, it must be cut so that all ‘may have a piece. If it is a jug of rum, the king gets one bottle full.’ What a country this for poor kings to live in! The trade is really not fit for a gentleman. No revenue—no privy purse—no favourites—no droits of admiralty—no sums for outfits, for fêtes, for separate households. Even the word of the poor prince goes no further than another man’s; and, at a *palaver*, his promise is not listened to with more, if so much, attention!

So much for the king or prince.—We also have some anecdotes of her majesty the queen, which we doubt not are sufficiently characteristic.

‘ I quitted that place, and went to Kittam to queen Messe. I gave her the articles you sent for her. All the old women and young people came to hear what I had to say. I then showed your letter to her. *She said the present sent was not enough.* I interrupted her, and said the governor did not send me to blind her eyes, but to open them; and to persuade her no longer to sell her people. On hearing this, all the young people gave a shout, and the women clapped their hands for joy. I saw she did not like it; but she said nothing. I told her it was she who had sold all her people, and that we meant to put a stop to it in the country if we could. All the young people shouted again, and said, ‘ the old people knew that *they* could not be sold, but that it was the young people who must be sold.’ Then she said to me, ‘ if you come to stop the slave-trade, will you give me the old price for wood, rice, goats, and all other things, as in the old time?’ I told her, ‘ I was not sent to fix prices; every man knew the price of his own goods: but as for you, you have changed the old price of your goods for that of your sons and daughters; the price you ought to have got for your goods you now get for your people.’ The young people said, that was the truth. One old man got up; he said the letter was good, and they must give an answer. Then they appointed a day for me to come. On that day I went to meet them; but not one was to be seen, except three old men who were sick! I was much displeased, and told them to tell Messe, that as she and her people thought the governor not worthy of an answer to this letter, or of attention to his messenger, I would tell him of it: they had given us a great affront.’ p. 141, 142.

Let us now see something of their parliaments and courts of justice. We have already had an opportunity of noticing how nearly they resemble some other countries in their love of long speeches. Every thing seems to be done thereby; and their length reminds us of the treason trials in 1794, when certain eminent lawyers were known to *palaver* (as it is called in Africa) eleven or twelve hours at a time. Kizell seems to have formed an high opinion of the eloquence and legal talents of his Sherbro friends. ‘ If,’ says he, ‘ the people of this country had ‘ the same learning as Europeans, the best lawyer could not ex- ‘ cel them in words and speeches. They are a sensible people to ‘ talk to in their palavers. They will sometimes talk a palaver ‘ so well, that you would be both pleased and astonished with ‘ them. If you were to hear two of them speaking, and how ably ‘ they open a cause before they begin to enter into an argument ‘ about it, you would be surprised. In their palavers (councils ‘ or courts), they use a great deal of ceremony at the first; pre- ‘ senting mats, kola, or palm wine, to the old men. They then

' relate their story; the old men and the women sitting down to ' listen. A man stands by him who speaks, and repeats what he ' says as loud as he can; indeed, both speak very loud. When ' he has finished his speech, he sits down. His adversary then ' gets up, and begins, as before, with much ceremony, thanking ' the man who spoke against him for what he said. Having told ' his story, all the old men get up and say, they must retire and ' consider the matter before they give an answer. If the party ' losing the cause is unwilling to give it up, then the other will ' ask him, if he will go before the king to talk the palaver? If ' he says, Yes; then they must go to the king with their people.

' The old men are much respected: the king, with their ap- ' probation, appoints a time to hear the palaver; but before it ' begins, both parties must deposit a like sum (twenty, thirty, ' or forty bars) to await the king's sentence. Then the two men ' are called on, and all the old men and the women sit as before, ' while the accuser relates his complaint; another man repeating ' all he says after him. Every thing he says looks like truth, and ' very clear. But when he has done, the other party will get up ' and deny all that has been said, and give to things a very dif- ' ferent appearance. They have no jury, as we have; their old ' men settle all. Having heard all the pleadings, the old men go ' out in what is called the devil's bush,* and determine who is ' in the right.' (p. 131, 132.) We may remark, in this account, some of the *etiquettes* known in our legal and parliamentary oratory.

Beside these communications from the commissioners, the appendix contains extracts from the correspondence of Mr. Meredith and the missionaries, which are well deserving of attention; but we are prevented, by the length of the former extracts, from doing more than refer to them, as well as to all the parts of Kizell's correspondence which we have not noticed. A fact recorded by the worthy missionary we cannot refrain from noticing. He states, that in 1807, the number of slave factories on the Rio Porgas and adjoining rivers, was *seventy-two*; but that, in February, 1812, when he left Africa, this number had been reduced to *eighteen*; and it was supposed, that the operation of the slave-trade felony bill† would soon put an end to the greatest part, if not the whole of these.

The report of the directors, after noticing the successful cultivation of many articles, as indigo, hemp, cotton, introduced into Africa by the care of the institution, concludes with a very interesting notice on the celebrated Mungo Park, and one

* A kind of consecrated grove.

† Mr. Brougham's bill, the 51st of the king.

scarcely less curious respecting Paul Cuffee, the African navigator. We shall present our readers with the substance of these accounts.

The last accounts of Mr. Park, from himself, were from Sansanding on the Niger, whence he transmitted his journal to the government. The institution are about to publish this immediately, for the benefit of his unfortunate family; and we cannot sufficiently felicitate the public on the propriety with which the care of this publication is committed to the real friends of Africa, instead of being left, like the former travels, to the advocates of the slave-trade.* Let us, in passing, entreat every one of the readers of this Review, for the sake of justice and humanity, to contribute their mite to the publication; so that a fund, worthy of the cause in which he fell, may be raised for the family of the most enterprizing traveller of the age. Along with Mr. Park's journal, will be published that of Isaac, a native Mahometan, who having accompanied him to Sansanding, was afterwards sent by governor Maxwell to procure some account of his fate. He returned to Senegal after an absence of twenty months, and made his report in writing. From it, we extract the following account of Mr. Park's death, as given to Isaac by Amadee-Fatouma, who accompanied him from Sansanding on board a large schooner-rigged canoe, in which he had undertaken the navigation of the river to its mouth. Amadee-Fatouma accompanied him till two or three days after he had reached the kingdom of Haoussa.

' Next day,' says he, ' Mr. Park departed, and I slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the king, to pay my respects to him. On entering the house, I found two men, who came on horseback. They were sent by the chief of Yaour. They said to the king, " We are sent by the chief of Yaour to let you know, that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the chief) any thing. They have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them: and this Amadee-Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both. The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me. Some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning, early, the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river's side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high: there is there a large opening in that rock, in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through: the tide current is here very strong. The army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself:

* The first volume was edited, and in part written by Bryan Edwards.

he, nevertheless, attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time: two of his slaves, at the stern of the canoes, were killed. They threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water. Martin did the same; and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe, stood up and said to them, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king.

'I was kept in irons three months. The king then released me, and gave me a female slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above.' p. 22—24.

Of course, the directors do not vouch for the accuracy of this narrative, but give it as they have received it from Isaac.— With respect to captain Paul Cuffee, he is an American black, who having, from the condition of a poor slave, raised himself to ease, and even affluence, by his unwearied industry and abilities, came over to England in his own vessel, the Traveller, manned by blacks entirely; and had several interviews with the directors and other friends of African civilization, in order to ascertain in what way he could best contribute to the improvement of his countrymen. He had first gone under license to Sierra Leone, and from thence came to Liverpool last July. His information was very material; and his conversation left the most favourable impression of his intelligence and integrity on all who knew or saw him. The directors have taken the proper steps to profit by his communications, and by his important assistance in the prosecution of their great work.

We now conclude this article with once more offering the sincere and hearty tribute of our good wishes to so laudable an institution, as that whose proceedings have been before us. It has already done much; but we trust that it may yet do so much more towards the happiness of the race, and the diffusion both of important knowledge and good principles, as will throw its past history into the shade. We shall most anxiously await the appearance of the promised travels of Mr. Park and his guide, and shall lose no time in exhibiting an account of them to our readers.

Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth, Author of Practical Education, Belinda, Castle Rackrent, &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1450. Johnson, London. 1812.

[From the Edinburgh Review, for July, 1812.]

THE writings of Miss Edgeworth exhibit so singular an union of sober sense and inexhaustible invention—so minute a knowledge of all that distinguishes manners, or touches on happiness in every condition of human fortune—and so just an estimate both of the real sources of enjoyment, and of the illusions by which they are so often obstructed, that it cannot be thought wonderful that we should separate her from the ordinary manufacturers of novels, and speak of her Tales as works of more serious importance than much of the true history and solemn philosophy that comes daily under our inspection. The great business of life, and the object of all arts and acquisitions, is undoubtedly to be happy; and though our success in this grand endeavour depends, in some degree, upon external circumstances, over which we have no control, and still more on temper and dispositions, which can only be controlled by gradual and systematic exertion, a very great deal depends also upon creeds and *opinions*, which may be effectually and even suddenly rectified, by a few hints from authority that cannot be questioned, or a few illustrations so fair and striking, as neither to be misapplied nor neglected. We are all no doubt formed, in a great degree, by the circumstances in which we are placed, and the beings by whom we are surrounded; but still we have all theories of happiness—notions of ambition, and opinions as to the *summum bonum* of our own—more or less developed, and more or less original, according to our situation and character—but influencing our conduct and feelings at every moment of our lives, and leading us on to disappointment, and away from real gratification, as powerfully as mere ignorance or passion. It is to the correction of those erroneous theories that Miss Edgeworth has applied herself in that series of moral fictions, the last portion of which has recently come to our hands; and in which, we think, she has combined more solid instruction with more universal entertainment, and given more practical lessons of wisdom, with less tediousness and less pretension, than any other writer with whom we are acquainted.

When we reviewed the first part of these Tales which are devoted to the delineation of fashionable life, we ventured to express a doubt, whether the author was justifiable for expending so large a quantity of her moral medicines on so small a body of patients—and upon patients too whom she had every reason to

fear would turn out incurable. Upon reflection, however, we are now inclined to recal this sentiment. The vices and illusions of fashionable life are, for the most part, merely the vices and illusions of human nature—presented sometimes in their most conspicuous, and almost always in their most seductive form;—and even where they are not merely fostered and embellished, but actually generated in that exalted region, it is very well known that they ‘drop upon the place beneath,’ and are speedily propagated and diffused into the world below. To expose them, therefore, in this their original and proudest sphere, is not only to purify the stream at its source, but to counteract their pernicious influence precisely where it is most formidable and extensive. To point out the miseries of those infinite and laborious pursuits in which persons who pretend to be fashionable consume their days, would be but an unprofitable task; while nobody could be found who would admit that they belonged to the class of pretenders; and all that remained therefore was to show, that the pursuits themselves were preposterous; and inflicted the same miseries upon the unquestioned leaders of fashion, as upon the humblest of their followers. For this task, too, Miss Edgeworth possessed certain advantages of which it would have been equally unnatural and unfortunate for her readers, if she had not sought to avail herself.

We have said, that the hints by which we may be enabled to correct those errors of opinion which so frequently derange the whole scheme of life, must be given by one whose authority is liable to no serious dispute. Persons of fashion, therefore, and pretenders to fashion, will never derive any considerable benefit from all the edifying essays and apologetics that superannuated governesses and preceptors may indite for their reformation;—nor from the volumes of sermons which learned divines may put forth for the amendment of the age;—nor the ingenious discourses which philosophers may publish, from the love of fame, money, or mankind. Their feeling as to all such monitors is, that they know nothing at all about the matter, and have nothing to do with personages so much above them;—and so they laugh at their prosing and presumption—and throw them aside, with a mingled sense of contempt and indignation. Now, Miss Edgeworth happens fortunately to be born in the condition of a lady,—familiar from early life with the fashionable world, and liable to no suspicion of having become an author from any other motives than those she has been pleased to assign.

But it is by no means enough that we should be on a footing, in point of rank, with those to whom we are moved to address our instructions. It is necessary that we should also have some

relish for the pleasures we accuse them of overrating, and some pretensions to the glory we ask them to despise. If a man, without stomach or palate, takes it into his head to lecture against the pleasures of the table—or an old maid against flirtation—or a miser against extravagance, they may say as many wise and just things as they please—but they may be sure that they will either be laughed at, or not listened to; and that all their dissuasives will be set down to the score of mere ignorance or envy. In the very same way, a man or woman who is obviously without talents to shine or please in fashionable life, may utter any quantity of striking truths as to its folly or unsatisfactoriness, without ever commanding the attention of one of its votaries. The inference is so ready, and so consolatory—that all those wise reflections are the fruit of disappointment and mortification—that they want to reduce all the world to their own dull level—and to deprive others of gratifications which they are themselves incapable of tasting. The judgment of Miss Edgeworth, however, we think, is not in any very imminent danger of being disabled by this ingenious imputation; and if we were to select any one of the traits that are indicated by her writings as peculiarly characteristic, and peculiarly entitled to praise, we should specify the singular force of judgment and self-denial, which has enabled her to resist the temptation of being the most brilliant and fashionable writer of her day, in order to be the most useful and instructive.

The writer who conceived the characters, and reported the conversations of Lady Delacour—Lady Geraldine—and Lady Dashfort (to take but these three out of her copious *dramatis personæ*), certainly need not be afraid of being *excelled* by any of her contemporaries, in that faithful but flattering representation of the spoken language of persons of wit and politeness of the present day—in that light and graceful tone of raillery and argument—and in that gift of sportive but cutting *medisance*, which is sure to command such unbounded success in those circles, where success is supposed to be most difficult, and most desirable. With the consciousness of such rare qualifications, we do think it required no ordinary degree of fortitude to withstand the temptation of being the flattering delineator of fashionable manners, instead of their enlightened corrector; and to prefer the chance of amending the age in which she lived, to the certainty of enjoying its applauses. Miss Edgeworth, however, is entitled to the praise of this magnanimity;—for not only has she abstained from dressing any of her favourites in this glittering drapery, but she has uniformly exhibited it in such a way as to mark its subordination to the natural graces it is sometimes allowed to eclipse, and to point out the defects it

still more frequently conceals. It is a very rare talent, certainly, to be able to delineate both solid virtues and captivating accomplishments with the same force and fidelity;—but it is a still rarer exercise of that talent, to render the former both more amiable and more attractive than the latter—and, without depriving wit and vivacity of any of their advantages, to win not only our affections, but our admiration away from them, to the less dazzling qualities of the heart and the understanding. By what resources Miss Edgeworth is enabled to perform this feat, we leave our readers to discover, from the perusal of her writings;—of which it is our business to present them with a slender account, and a scanty sample.

These three new volumes contain but three stories;—the first filling exactly a volume, the second half a volume, and the last no less than a volume and a half. The first, which is entitled ‘Vivian,’ is intended to show not only into what absurdities, but into what guilt and wretchedness a person, otherways estimable, may be brought by that ‘infirmity of purpose’ which renders him incapable of resisting the solicitations of others,—of saying *No*, in short, on proper occasions. The moral, perhaps, is brought a little too constantly forward; and a little more exaggeration is admitted into the construction of the story, than Miss Edgeworth generally employs;—but it is full of characters and incidents and good sense, like all her other productions. The mere outline is as follows.

Vivian is a young man of good family, fortune, talents, and dispositions,—the only child of an amiable widow, who spoils and over-educates him at home,—teaches him to depend entirely upon her will,—and then sends him to the university to acquire steadiness of character. Here he fortunately falls in with a tutor who has that, along with all other human excellencies; and, forming an ardent friendship with him, becomes so far sensible of his own infirmity, as to determine to get the better of it, and to do nothing at the request of any person, but especially of his mother, without satisfying himself that it was right. When his studies are finished, he comes home to his country seat; where the first mark of his independence is to fall in love with a most amiable young lady, whose family and fortune, however, do not correspond with his mother’s ambitious views for him. His importunity, however, and Miss Sidney’s merit, at last overcome her repugnance; and the match is nearly settled, when he allows himself to be persuaded by a certain Lord Glistonbury in the neighbourhood, first to transform his comfortable mansion into a gothic castle, and then to stand for the county on the independent interest. Both projects are attended with monstrous expense—but they succeed; and Vivian is

built up in turrets and battlements,—and returned by a narrow majority to parliament. This last piece of success forces him to go to town before the lawyers can complete the marriage settlements; and here the attentions of Lord Glistonbury, and the *agremens* of his house, lead him to spend so much of his time there, that it is universally reported that he is to marry his eldest daughter; and he is in great danger of being prevailed upon to verify this rumour, when he is drawn into a sort of *Platonic* intrigue with a beautiful Mrs. Wharton, whose husband treats her with great neglect, and who chuses to confide to Vivian the secret of her domestic misery. While he is resolving every day to break off this dangerous connexion, he happens to send one of the sentimental epistles intended for the disconsolate matron, by mistake, to Miss Sidney—who instantly renounces him with great dignity. He has the grace to take a fever on the occasion; but no sooner gets well, than he thinks it necessary to go and satisfy Mrs. Wharton of the impropriety of their intercourse; the result of which laudable attempt is, that he elopes with her to the Continent, where he has very soon the satisfaction of learning, that the whole affair is merely the *denouement* of a profligate concert between her and her husband—the one intending to get a large sum of damages, and the other to get a rich husband in her penitent seducer. He then comes back to England, and goes down to Glistonbury castle, when he speedily falls in love with his Lordship's youngest daughter, a very beautiful, romantic, and extraordinary young lady—who refuses him because she is in love with his former tutor—and by whom she is in her turn refused, because he is in love with Miss Sidney. Vivian then finds, that the eldest daughter is in love with him; and, considering that his former attentions give her a sort of claim upon his honour, is easily persuaded to marry her; which he accordingly does, to the great satisfaction of the whole family. Not being very comfortable at home, he now makes a figure in parliament; and is beginning to find considerable consolation in patriotism and popular glory—when his father-in-law is unfortunately offered a Marquisate by the ministry, upon condition of his changing sides; and is so earnest and persevering in his solicitations to his son-in-law to perform the same simple evolution, that poor Vivian is at last induced to comply;—when he is insulted, among others, by his old friend Mr. Wharton, to whom he sends a challenge, and is shot dead by him at the first fire.

The chief fault of this story is, that the reader cares little about the hero; and ceases to feel either respect or interest for him, the moment he detaches himself from Miss Sidney. The ladies of the Glistonbury family, too, are a good deal caricatured; and we

rather think Miss Edgeworth overrates our progress both in personal and in political profligacy, when she supposes it possible that such a man as Wharton could be received in any society after the exposure of his infamy in regard to his wife; or that even an old politician, like Lord Glistonbury, could openly pass from the patriotic to the ministerial side, without any sort of pretext for the conversion, except the promise of a marquisate. The great merit of the tale, on the other hand, consists in the skill and perverted ingenuity with which the author has made her hero find apologies and good reasons indeed for his versatility on almost every occasion; and the address with which she has represented him as rejecting at other times the most reasonable and affectionate advice—just in order to show that he had a will and understanding of his own, and was not to be led or governed like an infant. The subordinate characters, too, with which the volume abounds, are drawn, for the most part, with the utmost force and vivacity. That of Lord Glistonbury is original, we think, in fiction; though most of our fashionable readers must have met with something very like it in real life. It is that of a talking ~~conceited~~ nobleman, with some memory and some vivacity, but very little principle, judgment or understanding; who goes on with an incessant chatter of borrowed sense and original nonsense; delighted to hear himself talk, and mistaking his paltry maxims and insufferable volubility for eloquence and knowledge of the world. His *debut*, however, will make him far better understood than any description of ours. It is on occasion of Vivian introducing his own tutor to him, as willing to undertake the education of his son and heir; on which his Lordship is pleased to observe—

“ Mr. Russell will, I am perfectly persuaded, make Lidhurst every thing we can desire; an honour to his country, an ornament to his family. It is my decided opinion, that man is but a bundle of habits; and it’s my maxim, that education is *second* nature—*first*, indeed, in many cases. For, except that I am staggered about original geniis, I own I conceive, with Hartley, that early impressions and associations are all in all: his vibrations and vibratiuncles are quite satisfactory. But what I particularly wish for Lidhurst, sir, is, that he should be trained as soon as possible into a statesman. Mr. Vivian, I presume, you mean to follow up public business, and no doubt will make a figure. So I prophecy—and I am used to these things. And from Lidhurst, too, under similar tuition, I may with reason expect miracles—’hope to hear him thundering in the house of commons in a few years—’confess ‘am not quite so impatient to have the young dog in the house of incurables; for you know he could not be there without being in my shoes, which I have not done with yet—ha! ha! ha!—Each in his turn, my boy!—In the mean time, lady Mary, shall we join the ladies yonder, on the terrace.

Lady Glistonbury walks so slow, that she will be seven hours in coming to us, so we had best go to her ladyship.—If the mountain won't go to Mahomet, you know of course what follows."

'On their way to the terrace, Lord Glistonbury continued to give his ideas on education; sometimes appealing to Mr. Russell, sometimes happy to catch the eye of lady Mary.

"Now, my idea for Lidhurst is simply this:—that he should know every thing that is in all the best books in the library, but yet that he should be the farthest possible from a book-worm—that he should never, except in a set speech in the house, have the air of having opened a book in his life—mother wit for me!—in most cases—and that easy style of originality, which shows the true gentleman.—As to morals—Lidhurst, walk on my boy—as to morals, I confess I couldn't bear to see any thing of the Joseph Surface about him. A youth of spirit, must, you know, Mr. Vivian—excuse me, lady Mary, this is *an aside*—be something of a latitudinarian to keep in the fashion—not that I mean to say so exactly to Lidhurst—No, no!—on the contrary, Mr. Russell it is our cue, as well as this reverend gentleman's," looking back at the chaplain, who bowed assent before he knew to what—"it is our cue, as well as this reverend gentleman's, to preach prudence, and temperance, and all the cardinal virtues." IV. p. 41—4.

This is enough for Lord Glistonbury;—though we must say for him that he is equally entertaining throughout the volume. The character of Wharton is not altogether so original; but it is supported with no less talent and spirit. This is a designing profligate, who, by the help of great gayety, wit, and licentious talk, contrives to pass for nothing worse than a careless rash fellow, with a great deal of generosity and genius at the bottom. It was his object to detach Vivian from his honourable attachment to Miss Sidney, and to model him into a supporter of his own flexible politics. We take the following at random, as specimens of his mode of attack. One morning when he called, he found Vivian writing.

"Poetry!" exclaimed he, carelessly looking at what he had been writing; "poetry, I protest!—Ay, I know this poor fellow's in love; and every man who is in love is a poet, 'with a woful ditty to his mistress's eyebrow.' Pray, what colour may Miss Sidney's eyebrows be?—she is really a pretty girl—I think I remember seeing her at some races—Why does she never come to town?—But of course she is not to blame for that, but her fortune, I suppose—marrying a girl without a fortune is a serious thing in these expensive days; but you have fortune enough for both yourself and your wife, so you may do as you please. Well, I thank God I have no fortune!—If I had been a young man of fortune, I should have been the most unhappy rascal upon earth, for I should never have married—I should have always suspected, that every woman liked me for my wealth—I should have had no pleasure in the smiles of an angel—angels, or

their mothers, are so venal now-a-days, and so fond of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world!—”

“ I hope,” said Vivian, laughing, “ you don’t include the whole sex in your satire?”

“ No—there are exceptions—and every man has his angel of an exception, as every woman has her star—it is well for weak women when these stars of theirs don’t lead them astray; and well for weak men, when these angel exceptions, before marriage, don’t turn out very women or devils afterwards. But why do I say all this?—because I am a suspicious scoundrel—I know, and can’t help it. If other fellows of my standing, in this wicked world, would but speak the truth, however, they would show as much suspicion, and more than I do. Bad as I am, and such as I am, you see, and have the whole of me—nobody can say Wharton’s a hypocrite, that’s some comfort.—But, seriously, Vivian, I don’t mean to laugh at love and angels—I can just remember the time when I felt all your sort of romance—but that is in the preterpluperfect tense with me—completely past—ambition is no bad cure for love—(*singing*) ‘ *ambition, I said, will soon cure me of love;*’—and so it did—My head is, at this present moment, so full of this new bill that we are bringing into parliament, that Cupid might empty his quiver upon me in vain.”—
p. 92—94.

At another time, talking with affected openness of his political principles,

“ I know,” said he, “ how to make use of a fine word, and to round a fine sentence, as well as the best of you; but what a simpleton must he be, who is cheated by his own sophistry!—An artist, an enthusiastic artist, who is generally half a madman, might fall in love with the statue of his own making; but you never heard of a coiner, did you, who was cheated by his own bad shilling? Patriotism and loyalty are counterfeit coin; I can’t be taken in by them at my time of day.” p. 98.

We can afford no more extracts from Vivian; and shall be equally sparing as to the second tale, entitled ‘ *Emilie de Coulanges.*’ Though this is the name of the tale, it is not that of the proper heroine. *She* is a Mrs. Somers,—an English lady of large fortune and great generosity, who receives Emilie and the Comtesse her mother into her family when they are compelled to emigrate by the events of the revolution: and the story is meant to illustrate, in her person, the terrible havoc which an irritable temper and disordered sensibility can make in the happiness even of the most generous and affectionate character, and to show how the most extensive obligations may be more than cancelled by the daily recurrence of fantastic suspicions, sentimental quarrels, and imaginary offences. Mrs. Somers makes great efforts, and even great sacrifices, for the comfort and accommodation of her *protégées*; but then she is perpetually dis-

covering that they are not sufficiently aware of her generosity—or that they overact the farce of gratitude—or that they do not treat her with confidence—or that they wish to seduce her friends from her—or, lastly, that they mistake her sensibility and delicacy of affection for selfishness and bad temper. The character of Emilie herself is so gentle and affectionate, as scarcely to have afforded any food for Mrs. Somers's distemper; but then she has an ardent affection for her mother; and *Madame la Comtesse*, to say the truth, is abundantly provoking. That character is admirably drawn; and is perhaps the best delineation that is to be met with, in English, of a common-place Parisian fine lady. Without reflection or concern for any thing but her own accommodation, and the *bienséances* of her situation, she goes on, utterly regardless of Mrs. Somers's fine feelings or disturbed sensibility; and daily makes a thousand observations as to the superiority of French manners, and fashions, and furniture, without being the least aware that her hostess construes them all into ungrateful complaints of her want of accommodation. When the ill humour excited by these proceedings becomes too apparent to be mistaken, she looks upon it not with pain and confusion, but with astonishment and curiosity. ‘Mrs. Somers then appeared to her merely as an English oddity, or a *lusus naturæ*; and she alternately asked Emilie to account for those strange appearances, or shrugged up her shoulders, and submitted to the impossibility of a Frenchwoman ever comprehending such *extravagances*.’ One little scene will show both these characters in their true light. Mrs. Somers came in to communicate to Emilie a magnanimous project she had formed of negotiating a marriage for her with her own son; and unluckily found a M. Brisac reading the newspaper to her and her mother.

‘M. de Brisac read, in what this lady called his *unemphatic French tone*, paragraph after paragraph, and column after column, whilst her anxiety to have him go, every moment increased. She moulded her son's letter into all manner of shapes, as she sat in penance. To complete her misfortunes, something in the paper put Madame de Coulanges in mind of former times; and she began a long history of the destruction of some fine old tapestry hangings in the Chateau de Coulanges, at the beginning of the revolution: this led to endless melancholy reflections; and at length tears began to flow from the fine eyes of the countess.

‘Just at this instant, a butterfly flew into the room, and passed by Madame de Coulanges, who was sitting near the open window—“O! the beautiful butterfly!” cried she, starting up to catch it—“Did you ever see such a charming creature!—Catch it, M. de Brisac!—Catch it, Emilie!—Catch it, Mrs. Somers!—” With the tears yet upon her cheeks, Madame de Coulanges began the chase,

and M. de Brisac followed, beating the air with his perfumed handkerchief; and the butterfly fluttered round the table, at which Emilie was standing.—“Eh! M. de Brisac, catch it!—Catch it, Emilie!” repeated her mother—“Catch it, Mrs. Somers, for the love of heaven!”—“*For the love of heaven!*” repeated Mrs. Somers, who, immovably grave, and sullenly indignant, kept aloof during this chase.—“Ah! pour le coup, papillon, je te tiens!” cried La Comtesse, and with eager joy she covered it with a glass, as it lighted on the table.

“Mademoiselle de Coulanges,” cried Mrs. Somers, “I acknowledge, now, that I was wrong in my criticism of Caroline de Lichtenfield—I blamed the author for representing Caroline, at fifteen, or just when she is going to be married, as running after butterflies—I said, that, at that age, it was too frivolous—out of drawing—out of nature.—But I should have said, only, that it was out of *English nature*.—I stand corrected—”

“Madame de Coulanges and M. de Brisac again interchanged looks, which expressed “*Est il possible!*”—And La Comtesse then, with an unusual degree of deliberation and dignity in her manner, walked out of the room;—and speedily sent for Emilie to follow her.—She found her mother in no humour to receive any apology, even if it had been offered: nothing could have hurt Madame de Coulanges more, than the imputation of being frivolous.—

“Frivole!—Frivole!—moi frivole!” she repeated, as soon as Emilie entered the room. “My dear Emilie! I would not live with this Mrs. Somers, for the rest of my days, were she to offer me Pitt’s diamond, or the whole mines of Golconda!—Bon Dieu!—neither money nor diamonds, after all, can pay for the want of kindness and politeness!” Vol. V. p. 144—148.

The English lady develops her own character more minutely in the following letter, addressed to the only confidential friend the ingratitude of human nature had left her.

“For once, my dear friend, I am secure of your sympathizing in my indignation—my long suppressed, just, virtuous indignation—yes, virtuous; for I do hold indignation to be a part of virtue: it is the natural, proper expression of a warm heart and a strong character against the cold-blooded vices of meanness and ingratitude. Would that those, to whom I allude, could feel it as a punishment!—but no, this is not the sort of punishment they are formed to feel. Nothing but what comes home to their interests—their paltry interests!—their pleasures—their selfish pleasures!—their amusements—their frivolous amusements! can touch souls of such a sort. To this half-formed race of *worldlings*, who are scarce endued with a moral sense, the generous expression of indignation always appears something incomprehensible—ridiculous; or, in their language, *outré! inoui!* With such beings, therefore, I always am—as much as my nature will allow me to be—upon my guard; I keep within, what they call, the bounds of politeness—their dear politeness! What a system of *simagrée* it is, after all! and how can honest human nature bear to be penned up all its days by the Chinese paling

of ceremony, or that French filagree work, *politesse*? English human nature cannot endure this, as *yet*: and I am glad of it—heartily glad of it—Now to the point—

“ You guess, that I am going to speak of the Coulanges. Yes, my dear friend, you were quite right, in advising me, when I first became acquainted with them, not to give way blindly to my enthusiasm—not to be too generous, or to expect too much gratitude—Gratitude! why should I ever expect to meet with any?—Where I have most deserved, most hoped for it, I have been always most disappointed. My life has been a life of sacrifices—thankless and fruitless sacrifices!—I cannot cure myself of this credulous folly—I did form high expectations of happiness, from the society and gratitude of this Madame and Mademoiselle de Coulanges; but the mother turns out to be a mere frivolous French comtesse, ignorant, vain, and positive—as all ignorant people are; full of national prejudices, which she supports in the most absurd and petulant manner.—Possessed with the insanity, common to all parisians, of thinking that Paris is the whole world, and that nothing can be good taste, or good sense, or good manners, but what is *à-la-mode de Paris*; through all her boasted politeness, you see, even by her mode of praising, that she has a most illiberal contempt for all, who are not parisians—She considers the rest of the world as barbarians—I could give you a thousand instances; but her conversation is really so frivolous, that it is not worth reciting. I bore with it, day after day, for several months, with a patience, for which, I am sure, you would have given me credit; and I let her go on eternally with absurd observations upon Shakespeare, and extravagant nonsense about Racine. To avoid disputing with her, I gave up every point—I acquiesced in all she said—and only begged to have peace. Still she was not satisfied. You know there are tempers, which never can be contented, do what you will, to try to please them. Madame de Coulanges actually quarrelled with me for begging that we might have peace; and that we might talk upon subjects, where we should not be likely to disagree. This will seem to you incredible; but it is the nature of French caprice: and for this I ought to have been prepared.

“ The daughter has far too much, as the mother has too little sensibility—Emilie plagues me to death with her fine feelings, and her sentimentality, and all her French parade of affection, and superfluity of endearing expressions, which mean nothing, and disgust English ears: she is always fancying, that I am angry or displeased with her or with her mother; and then I am to have tears and explanations, and apologies: she has not a mind large enough to understand my character; and, if I were to explain to eternity, she would be as much in the dark as ever.—My little hastiness of temper she has not strength of mind sufficient to bear—I see she is dreadfully afraid of me, and more constrained in my company, than in that of any other person.—Not a visitor comes, however insignificant, but mademoiselle de Coulanges seems more at her ease, and converses more with them, than with me—she talks to me only

of gratitude and such stuff. She is one of those feeble persons, who, wanting confidence in themselves, are continually afraid that they shall not be grateful enough; and so they reproach and torment themselves, and refine and *sentimentalize*, till gratitude becomes burdensome, (as it always does to weak minds), and the very idea of a benefactor odious. Mademoiselle de Coulanges was originally unwilling to accept of any obligation from me; she knew her own character better than I did. I do not deny, that she has a heart; but she has no soul. I hope you understand and feel the difference." Vol. V. p. 80—89.

The merit of the tale consists in these characters; for the story is neither very entertaining nor very probable. The scene of the butterfly drives the refugees from the house of their benefactress, just as she is plotting how to overwhelm them with her generosity, in forcing her only son to marry Emilie. The said Emilie refuses to rescue her mother from poor lodgings by marrying M. de Brisac, because she had given away her heart to a young stranger who had delivered them from their dungeon in France;—a reconciliation, however, is at last effected; and by a striking *coup de theatre*, Emilie and her mother discover, at one and the same moment, that their deliverer is the son of Mrs. Somers, and that the fortunes of their house are restored. Every thing, of course, is now in a fair train for the catastrophe—but the mother has scruples about Mr. Somers's want of nobility.

‘ Some conversation passed between Lady Littleton and Mrs. Somers, about a dormant title, in the Somers' family, which might be revived; and this made a wonderful impression on the Countess.—She yielded, as she did every thing else, with a good grace.—History does not say, whether she did or did not console M. de Brisac; we are only informed, that, immediately after her daughter's marriage, she returned to Paris, and gave a splendid ball at her Hotel de Coulanges.—We are farther assured, that Mrs. Somers never quarrelled with Emilie, from the day of her marriage till the day of her death—But this is incredible.’ Vol. V. p. 199.

We come now to the last, the longest, and by far the most interesting of these tales. It is entitled, ‘ The Absentee;’ and it is intended to expose the folly and misery of renouncing the respectable character of country ladies and gentlemen, to push through intolerable expense, and more intolerable scorn, into the outer circles of fashion in London. That the case may be sufficiently striking, Miss Edgeworth has taken her example in an *Irish* family, of large fortune, and considerable rank in the peerage; and has enriched her main story with a greater variety of collateral incidents and characters, than in any of her other productions.

Lord and Lady Clonbrony are the absentees;—and they are so, because Lady Clonbrony is smitten with the ambition of making a figure in the fashionable circles of London;—where her very eagerness obstructs her success; and her inward shame, and affected contempt for her native country, only make her national accent, and all her other nationalities more remarkable. She has a niece, however, a Miss Grace Nugent, who is full of gentleness, and talent, and love for Ireland—and a son, Lord Colambre, who, though educated in England, has very much of his cousin's propensities. The first part of the story represents the various mortifications and repulses which Lady Clonbrony encounters, in her grand attempt to be very fashionable in London—the embarrassments, and gradual declension into low company, of Lord Clonbrony—the plots to marry Lord Colambre to an heiress—and the growth of his attachment to Miss Nugent, who shares his regret for the ridicule which his mother is at so much expense to excite, and his wish to snatch her from a career at once so inglorious and so full of peril. Partly to avoid his mother's importunities about the heiress, and partly to escape from the fascinations of Miss Nugent, whose want of fortune and high sense of duty seem to forbid all hopes of their union, he sets out on a visit to Ireland; where the chief interest of the story begins. There are here many admirable delineations of Irish character, in both extremes of life; and a very natural development of all its most remarkable features. At first, his Lordship is very nearly entangled in the spells of Lady Dashfort and her daughter; and is led by their arts to form rather an unfavourable opinion of his countrymen. An accidental circumstance, however, disclosing the artful and unprincipled character of these fair ladies, he breaks from his bondage, and travels *incog.* to his father's two estates of Colambre and Clonbrony;—the one flourishing under the management of a conscientious and active agent; the other going to ruin under the dominion of an unprincipled oppressor. In both places, he sees a great deal of the native politeness, native wit, and kind-heartedness of the lower Irish; and makes an acquaintance at the latter with one group of Catholic cottagers, more interesting, and more beautifully painted in the simple colouring of nature, than all the Arcadians of pastoral or romance. After detecting the frauds and villany of the tyrannical agent, he hurries back to London, to tell his story to his father; and arrives just in time to hinder him from being irretrievably entangled in his snares. He and Miss Nugent now make joint suit to Lady Clonbrony to retire for a while to Ireland,—an application in which they are powerfully seconded by the terrors of an execution in the house; and at last enabled to succeed, by a solemn promise that

the yellow damask furniture of the great drawingroom shall be burnt on the very day of their arrival. In the mean time, Lord Colambre, whose wider survey of the female world had finally determined him to seek happiness with Grace Nugent, even with an humble fortune, suffers great agony, from a discovery maliciously made by Lady Dashfort, of a stain on her mother's reputation; which he is enabled at length to remove, and at the same time to recover a splendid inheritance, which had been long withheld by its prevalence from the woman of his choice. This last event, of course, reconciles all parties to the match; and they all set out, in bliss and harmony, to the paradise regained of Clonbrony;—their arrival and reception at which is inimitably described in a letter from one of their postillions, with which the tale is concluded.

In this very brief abstract, we have left out an infinite multitude of the characters and occurrences, from the variety and profusion of which the story derives its principal attraction; and have only attempted indeed to give such a general notice of the relations and proceedings of the chief agents, as to render the few extracts we propose to make intelligible. The contrivance of the story indeed is so good, and the different parts of it so concisely represented, that we could not give an adequate epitome of it in much less compass than the original. We can venture on nothing, therefore, but a few detached specimens. For the sake of our fashionable readers, we may give the first place to Lady Dashfort, an English lady of very high ton, whom Lord Colambre encountered in Dublin.

‘ She in general affected to be ill-bred and inattentive to the feelings and opinions of others; careless whom she offended by her wit, or by her decided tone. There are some persons in so high a region of fashion, that they imagine themselves above the thunder of vulgar censure. Lady Dashfort felt herself in this exalted situation, and fancied she might “ hear the innocuous thunder roll below.” Her rank was so high, that none could dare to call her vulgar; what would have been gross in any one of meaner note, in her was freedom, or originality, or lady Dashfort’s way. It was lady Dashfort’s pleasure and pride to show her power in perverting the public taste. She often said to those English companions with whom she was intimate, “ Now see what follies I can lead those fools into. Hear the nonsense I can make them repeat as wit.” Upon some occasion one of her friends ventured to fear that something she had said was *too strong*. “ Too strong, was it? Well, I like to be strong—wo be to the weak.” On another occasion she was told, that certain visitors had seen her ladyship yawning. “ Yawn, did I?—I am glad of it—the yawn sent them away, or I should have snored;—rude, was I? they won’t complain. To say, I was rude to them, would be to say, that I did not think it worth

my while to be otherwise. Barbarians! are not we the civilized English, come to teach them manners and fashions? Whoever does not conform, and swear allegiance too, we shall keep out of the English pale." Vol. VI. p. 50, 51.

Having fixed upon Colambre as a husband for her daughter, she resolved to take him with her into the country, for the double purpose of riveting his chains, and disgusting him with his native land; and so she addresses him—

" My Lord, I think you told me, or my own sagacity discovered, that you want to see something of Ireland, and that you don't intend, like most travellers, to turn round, see nothing, and go home content." Lord Colambre assured her ladyship that she had judged him rightly, for, that nothing would content him but seeing all that was possible to be seen of his native country. It was for this special purpose he came to Ireland. " Ah!—well—very good purpose—can't be better; but now, how to accomplish it. You know the Portuguese proverb says; 'you go to Hell for the good things you intend to do, and to Heaven, for those you do.'—Now let us see what you will do.—Dublin, I suppose, you've seen enough of by this time—through and through—round and round—this makes me first giddy and then sick. Let me show you the country—not the face of it, but the body of it—the people.—Not Castle this, or New-town that, but their inhabitants.—I know them, I have the key, or the picklock, to their minds. An Irishman is as different an animal, on his guard, and off his guard, as a miss in school, from a miss out of school.—A fine country for game I'll show you; and, if you are a good marksman, you may have plenty of shots "at folly as it flies."

Lord Colambre smiled. " As to Isabel," pursued her ladyship, " I shall put her in charge of Heathcock, who is going with us—She won't thank me for that, but you will—Nay, no fibs, man; you know, I know, as who does not, that has seen the world, that though a pretty woman is a mighty pretty thing, yet she is confoundedly in one's way, when any thing else is to be seen, heard,—or understood." Lord Colambre seemed much tempted to accept the invitation; but he hesitated, because, as he said, her ladyship might be going to pay visits where he was not acquainted.

" Bless you!—don't let that be a stumbling-block in the way of your tender conscience. I am going to Killpatrickstown, where you'll be as welcome as light:—You know them, they know you, at least you shall have a proper letter of invitation from my lord and my lady Killpatrick, and all that. And as to the rest, you know a young man is always welcome every where—a young nobleman kindly welcome,—I won't say *such* a young man, and such a young nobleman, for that might put you to your bows, or your blushes—but *nobilitas* by itself, nobility is enough in all parties, in all families, where there are girls, and of course balls, as there are always at Killpatrickstown.—Don't be alarmed; you shall not be forced to dance;

or asked to marry. I'll be your security. You shall be at full liberty, and it is a house where you can just do what you will.—Indeed, I go to no others. These Killpatricks are the best creatures in the world; they think nothing good or grand enough for me. If I'd let them, they would lay down cloth of gold over their bogs for me, to walk upon.—Good hearted beings!" added lady Dashfort, marking a cloud gathering on lord Colambre's countenance. "I laugh at them, because I love them. I could not love any thing I might not laugh at—your lordship excepted.—So you'll come—that's settled."

"And so it was settled. Our hero went to Killpatrickstown.

"Every thing here sumptuous and unfinished, you see," said lady Dashfort to lord Colambre, the day after their arrival. "All begun as if the projectors thought they had the command of the mines of Peru; and ended as if the possessors had not sixpence: *des arrangements provisatoires*, temporary expedients; in plain English, *make-shifts*.—Luxuries, enough for an English prince of the blood. Comforts, not enough for an English woman.—And you may be sure that great repairs and alterations have gone on to fit this house for our reception, and for our English eyes!—Poor people!—English visitors, in this point of view, are horribly expensive to the Irish. Did you ever hear that, in the last century, or in the century before the last, to put my story far enough back, so that it shall not touch any body living; when a certain English nobleman, lord Blank A—, sent to let his Irish friend, lord Blank B—, know that he and all his train were coming over to pay him a visit; the Irish nobleman, Blank B—, knowing the deplorable condition of his castle, sat down fairly to calculate, whether it would cost him most to put the building in good and sufficient repair, fit to receive these English visitors, or to burn it to the ground.—He found the balance to be in favour of burning, which was wisely accomplished next day. Perhaps Killpatrick would have done well to follow this example. Resolve me which is worst; to be burnt out of house and home, or to be eaten out of house and home. In this house, above and below stairs, including first and second table, housekeeper's room, lady's maids' room, butler's room, and gentleman's, one hundred and four people sit down to dinner every day, as Petito informs me, beside kitchen boys, and what they call *char-women*; who never sit down, but who do not eat or waste the less for that; and retainers, and friends; friends to the fifth and sixth generation, who "must get their bit and their sup;" for—"sure, its only Biddy," they say;—continued Lady Dashfort, imitating their Irish brogue.—And "sure, 'tis nothing at all, out of all his honour, my Lord, has.—How could he *feel* it!—Long life to him!—He's not that way: not a couple in all Ireland, and that's saying a great *dale*, looks less after their own, nor is more off-handeder, or open-heartededer, or greater open-house-keepers, *nor* my lord and my lady Killpatrick." Now, there's encouragement for a lord and a lady to ruin themselves."

"But it is shameful to laugh at these people, indeed, lady Dashfort, in their own house—these hospitable people, who are entertaining us."—"Entertaining us! true; and if we are *entertained*, how can we help laughing?" p. 55-63.

We add the following, as a curious trait in the constitution of Irish society.

'In the neighborhood of Killpatrickstown, lady Dashfort said, there were several *squireens*, or little squires; a race of men who have succeeded to the *buckeens*, described by Young and Crumpe. *Squireens* are persons who, with good long leases, or valuable farms, possess incomes from three to eight hundred a year; who keep a pack of hounds; *take out* a commission of the peace, sometimes before they can spell (as her ladyship said), and almost always before they know any thing of law or justice! Busy and loud about small matters; *jobbers at assizes*; combining with one another, and trying, upon every occasion, public or private, to push themselves forward, to the annoyance of their superiors, and the terror of those below them.' VI. 67, 68.

We pass now to a different class of society; but not less characteristic of the country than that we have been considering—we mean the fine ladies of the plebeian order, who dash more extravagantly it seems in Dublin, than any other place in this free and commercial empire. Lord Colambre had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with one of these, the spouse of a rich grocer, who invited him to dine with her at her villa, on his way back from the county of Wicklow. The description, though of a different character from most of Miss Edgeworth's delineations, is so picturesque and lively, that we cannot help thinking it must have been taken from the life. We are tempted to give it at full length.

'The invitation was verbally made, and verbally accepted; but the lady afterwards thought it necessary to send a written invitation in due form, and the note she sent directed to the *most right honourable* the lord viscount Colambre. On opening it he perceived, that it could not have been intended for him. It ran as follows: "My dear Juliana O'Leary,—I have got a promise from Colambre, that he will be with us at Tusculum on Friday the 20th, in his way from the county of Wicklow, for the collation I mentioned; and expect a large party of officers, so pray come early, with your house, or as many as the jaunting-car can bring. And pray my dear be *elegant*. You need not let it transpire to Mrs O'G—, but make my apologies to Miss O'G—, if she says any thing, and tell her I'm quite concerned I can't ask her, for that day; because, tell her, I'm so crowded, and am to have none that day but *real quality*.

"Yours ever and ever,

"Anastasia Raffarty."

"P. S. And I hope to make the gentlemen stop the night with me; so will not have beds. Excuse haste; and compliments, &c.

'After a charming tour in the county of Wicklow, where the beauty of the natural scenery, and the taste with which those natural beauties had been cultivated far surpassed the sanguine expectations lord Colambre had formed, his lordship and his companions arrived at Tusculum; where he found Mrs Raffarty, and Miss Juliana O'Leary, —very elegant—with a large party of the ladies and gentlemen of Bray assembled in a drawing-room, fine with bad pictures and gaudy gilding; the windows were all shut, and the company were playing cards with all their might. This was the fashion of the neighborhood. In compliment to lord Colambre and the officers, the ladies left the card-tables; and Mrs Raffarty, observing that his lordship seemed *partial* to walking, took him out, as she said, "to do the honours of nature and art." p. 18—20.

'The dinner had two great faults—profusion and pretension. There was, in fact, ten times more on the table than was necessary: and the entertainment was far above the circumstances of the person by whom it was given: for instance, the dish of fish at the head of the table had been brought across the island from Sligo, and had cost five guineas, as the lady of the house failed not to make known. But, after all, things were not of a piece: there was a disparity between the entertainment and the attendants; there was no proportion or fitness of things. A painful endeavor at what could not be attained, and a toiling in vain to conceal and repair deficiencies and blunders. Had the mistress of the house been quiet; had she, as Mrs Broadhurst would say, but let things alone, let things take their course; all would have passed off with well-bred people: but she was incessantly apologising, and fussing and fretting inwardly and outwardly, and directing and calling to her servants—striving to make a butler who was deaf, and a boy who was hair-brained, do the business of five accomplished footmen of *parts and figure*. The mistress of the house called for "plates, clean plates!—hot plates!"—But none did come when she did call for them. Mrs Raffarty called "Larry! Larry! My lord's plate, there!—James! bread, to captain Bowles!—James! port wine, to the major.—James! James Kenny! James!" And panting James toiled after her in vain. At length one course was fairly got through, and after a torturing half-hour, the second course appeared, and James Kenny was intent upon one thing, and Larry upon another, so that the wine sauce for the hare was spilt by their collision; but what was worse, there seemed little chance that the whole of this second course should ever be placed altogether rightly upon the table. Mrs Rafferty cleared her throat, and nodded, and pointed, and sighed, and set Larry after Kenny, and Kenny after Larry; for what one did, the other undid; and at last, the lady's anger kindled, and she spoke.—"Kenny! James Kenny, set the sea cale at this corner, and put down the grass cross-corners; and match your macaroni yonder with *them* puddens, set—Ogh! James! the pyramid in the middle, can't ye?" The pyramid in

changing places was overturned. Then it was, that the mistress of the feast, falling back in her seat, and lifting up her hands and eyes in despair, ejaculated: "Oh, James! James!"—The pyramid was raised by the assistance of the military engineers, and stood trembling again on its base; but the lady's temper could not be so easily restored to its equilibrium.' p. 25—28.

We hurry forward now to the cottage scene at Clonbrony; which has made us almost equally in love with the Irish, and with the writer who has painted them with such truth, pathos, and simplicity. An ingenious and good natured postboy overturns his Lordship in the night, a few miles from Clonbrony; and then says,

"If your honour will lend me your hand till I pull you up the back of the ditch, the horses will stand while we go. I'll find you as pretty a lodging for the night, with a widow of a brother of my shister's husband that was, as ever you slept in your life; for old Nick or St. Dennis has not found 'em out yet; and your honour will be, no compare, snugger than the inn at Clonbrony, which has no roof, the devil a stick. But where will I get your honour's hand; for it's coming on so dark, I can't see rightly.—There, you're up now safe. Yonder candle's the house." "Go and ask whether they can give us a night's lodging.", "Is it *ask*? When I see the light! —Sure they'd be proud to give the traveller all the beds in the house, let alone one. Take care of the potato furrows, that's all, and follow me straight. I'll go on to meet the dog, who knows me and might be strange to your honour."

"Kindly welcome," were the first words lord Colambre heard when he approached the cottage; and "kindly welcome" was in the sound of the voice and in the countenance of the old woman, who came out shading her rush-candle from the wind, and holding it so as to light the path. When he entered the cottage, he saw a cheerful fire and a neat pretty young woman making it blaze: she curtsied, put her spinning wheel out of the way, set a stool by the fire for the stranger; and repeating in a very low tone of voice, "Kindly welcome, sir," retired. "Put down some eggs, dear, there's plenty in the bowl," said the old woman, calling to her; "I'll do the bacon. Was not we lucky to be up?—The boy's gone to bed, but waken him," said she, turning to the postillion; "and he'll help you with the chay, and put your horses in the bier for the night."

"No: Larry chose to go on to Clonbrony with the horses, that he might get the chaise mended by times for his honour. The table was set; clean trenchers, hot potatoes, milk, eggs, bacon, and "kindly welcome to all." "Set the salt, dear; and the butter, love; where's your head, Grace, dear?" "Grace!" repeated lord Colambre, looking up; and to apologise for his involuntary exclamation he added, "Is Grace a common name in Ireland?" "I can't say, please your honour, but it was give her by lady Clonbrony,

from a niece of her own that was her foster-sister, God bless her; and a very kind lady she was to us and to all when she was living in it; but those times are gone past," said the old woman, with a sigh. The young woman sighed too, and sitting down by the fire, began to count the notches in a little bit of stick, which she held in her hand, and after she had counted them, sighed again. "But don't be sighing, Grace, now," said the old woman; "sighs is bad sauce for the traveller's supper, and we wont be troubling him with more," added she, turning to lord Colambre, with a smile—"Is your egg done to your liking?" "Perfectly, thank you." "Then I wish it was a chicken for your sake, which it should have been, and roast too, had we time. I wish I could see you eat another egg." "No more, thank you, my good lady; I never ate a better supper, nor received a more hospitable welcome." "O, the welcome is all we have to offer."

"May I ask what that is?" said lord Colambre, looking at the notched stick, which the young woman held in her hand, and on which her eyes were still fixed. "It's a *tally*, plase your honour.—O, you're a foreigner—It's the way the labourers keep the account of the day's work with the overseer. And there's been a mistake, and is a dispute here between our boy and the overseer; and she was counting the boy's tally, that's in bed, tired, for in troth he's over-worked." "Would you want any thing more from me, mother," said the girl, rising and turning her head away. "No, child; get away, for your heart's full." She went instantly. "Is the boy her brother?" said lord Colambre. "No: he's her bachelor," said the old woman, lowering her voice. "Her bachelor?" "That is her sweetheart: for she is not my daughter, though you heard her call me mother. The boy's my son; but I am *afeard* they must give it up; for the're too poor, and the times is hard, and the agent's harder than the times. There's two of them, the under and the upper, and they grind the substance of one between them, and then blow one away like chaff: but we'll not be talking of that to spoil your honour's night's rest. The room's ready and here's the rush-light." She showed him into a very small, but neat room. "What a comfortable looking bed," said lord Colambre. "Ah, these red check curtains," said she, letting them down; "these have lasted well; they were give me by a good friend now far away, over the seas, my lady Clonbrony, and made by the prettiest hands ever you see, her niece's, miss Grace Nugent's, and she a little child that time, sweet love! all gone!" The old woman wiped a tear from her eye, and lord Colambre did what he could to appear indifferent. She set down the candle and left the room, lord Colambre went to bed, but he lay awake, "revolving sweet and bitter thoughts."

"The kettle was on the fire, tea things set, every thing prepared for her guest, by the hospitable hostess, who, thinking the gentleman would take tea to his breakfast, had sent off a *gosscon* by the *first light* to Clonbrony, for an ounce of tea, a *quarter of sugar*,

and a loaf of white bread, and there was on the little table good cream, milk, butter, eggs—all the promise of an excellent breakfast. It was a *fresh* morning, and there was a pleasant fire on the hearth neatly swept up. The old woman was sitting in her chimney corner, behind a little skreen of white-washed wall, built out into the room, for the purpose of keeping those who sat at the fire from the *blast of the door*. There was a loop-hole in this wall, to let the light in, just at the height of a person's head, who was sitting near the chimney. The rays of the morning sun now came through it, shining across the face of the old woman, as she sat knitting. Lord Colambre thought he had seldom seen a more agreeable countenance, intelligent eyes, benevolent smile, a natural expression of cheerfulness, subdued by age and misfortune. "A good-morrow to you kindly, sir, and I hope you got the night well?—A fine day for us this Sunday morning; my Grace is gone to early prayers, so your honour will be content with an old woman to make your breakfast.—O, let me put in plenty, or it will never be good, and if your honour takes stirabout, an old hand will engage to make that to your liking any way, for by great happiness we have what will just answer for you, of the nicest meal the miller made my Grace a compliment of, last time she went to the mill." p. 171—179.

In the course of conversation, she informs her guest of the precarious tenure on which she held the little possession that formed her only means of subsistence.

"The good lord himself granted us the *lase*; the life's dropped, and the years is out; but we had a promise of renewal in writing from the landlord.—God bless him! if he was not away, he'd be a good gentleman, and we'd be happy and safe."—"But if you have a promise in writing of a renewal, surely, you are safe, whether your landlord is absent or present."—"Ah, no! that makes a great *differ*, when there's no eye or hand over the agent.—Yet, indeed, *there*," added she, after a pause, "as you say, I think we are safe; for we have that memorandum in writing, with a pencil, under his own hand, on the back of the *lase*, to me, by the same token when my good lord had his foot on the step of the coach, going away; and I'll never forget the smile of her that got that good turn done for me, Miss Grace. And just when she was going to England and London, and young as she was, to have the thought to stop and turn to the likes of me! O, then, if you could see her, and know her as I did! *That* was the comforting angel upon earth—look and voice, and heart and all! O, that she was here present, this minute!—But did you scald yourself?" said the widow to Lord Colambre.—"Sure, you must have scalded yourself; for you poured the kettle straight over your hand, and it boiling! O *dear!* to think of so young a gentleman's hand shaking like my own."—Luckily, to prevent her pursuing her observations from the hand to the face, which might have betrayed more than Lord Colambre wished she should

know, her own Grace came in at this instant—"There, it's for you safe, mother dear—the *lase*!" said Grace, throwing a packet into her lap. The old woman lifted up her hands to heaven with the lease between them—"Thanks be to Heaven!" Grace passed on, and sunk down on the first seat she could reach. Her face flushed, and, looking much fatigued, she loosened the strings of her bonnet and cloak—"Then, I'm tired!" but, recollecting herself, she rose, and curtsied to the gentleman.—"What tired ye dear?"—"Why, after prayers, we had to go—for the agent was not at prayers, nor at home for us when we called—we had to go all the way up to the castle, and there, by great good luck, we found Mr. Nick Garraghty himself, come from Dublin, and the *lase* in his hands, and he sealed it up that way, and handed it to me very civil. I never saw him so good—though he offered me a glass of spirits, which was not manners to a decent young woman, in a morning—as Brian noticed after."—"But why didn't Brian come home all the way with you, Grace?"—"He would have seen me home," said Grace, "only that he went up a peice of the mountain for some stones or ore for the gentleman,—for he had the manners to think of him this morning, though shame for me, I had not, when I came in, or I would not have told you all this, and he himself by. See, there he is, mother."—Brian came in very hot, out of breath, with his hat full of stones. "Good Morrow to your honour. I was in bed last night, and sorry they did not call me up to be of *service*. Larry was telling us, this morning, your honour's from Wales, and looking for mines in Ireland, and I heard talk that there was one on our mountain—may be, you'd be *curous* to see, and so, I brought the best I could, but I'm no judge." Vol. VI. p. 182—188.

A scene of villainy now begins to disclose itself, as the experienced reader must have anticipated. The pencil writing is rubbed out; but the agent promises, that if they pay up their arrears, and be handsome with their sealing money and glove money, &c. he will grant a renewal. To obtain the rent, the widow is obliged to sell her cow.—But she shall tell her story in her own words.

"Well, still it was but paper we got for the cow; then that must be gold before the agent would take, or touch it—so I was laying out to sell the dresser, and had taken the plates and cups, and little things off it, and my boy was lifting it out with Andy the carpenter, that was agreeing for it, when in comes Grace, all rosy, and out of breath—it's a wonder I minded her run out, and not missed her—Mother, says she, here's the gold for you, don't be stirring your dresser. And where's your gown and cloak, Grace? says I. But I beg your pardon, Sir; may be I'm tiring you?"—Lord Colambre encouraged her to go on.—"Where's your gown and cloak, Grace, says I."—"Gone," says she. "The cloak was too warm and heavy, and I don't doubt, mother, but it was that

helped to make me faint this morning. And as to the gown, sure I've a very nice one here, that you spun for me yourself, mother; and that I prize above all the gowns ever came out of a loom; and that Brian said become me to his fancy above any gown ever he see me wear, and what could I wish for more.'—Now I'd a mind to scold her for going to sell the gown unknown'st to me; but I don't know how it was, I couldn't scold her just then,—so kissed her, and Brian the same; and that was what no man ever did before.—And she had a mind to be angry with him, but could not, nor ought not, says I; for he's as good as your husband now, Grace; and no man can part *yees* now, says I, putting their hands together.—Well, I never saw her look so pretty; nor there was not a happier boy that minute on God's earth than my son, nor a happier mother than myself; and I thanked God that had given them to me; and down they both fell on their knees for my blessing, little worth as it was; and my heart's blessing they had, and I laid my hands upon them. 'It's the priest you must get to do this for you to-morrow,' says I." Vol. VI. p. 205—207.

Next morning they go up in high spirits to the castle, where the villainous agent denies his promise; and is laughing at their despair, when Lord Colambre is fortunately identified by Mrs. Rafferty, who turns out to be a sister of the said agent, and, like a god in epic poetry, turns agony into triumph.

We can make room for no more now, but the epistle of Larry Brady, the good-natured postboy, to his brother, giving an account of the return of the family to Clonbrony. If Miss Edge-worth had never written any other thing, this one letter must have placed her at the very top of our scale as an observer of character, and a mistress in the simple pathetic. We give the greater part of this extraordinary production.

" My dear Brother,—Yours of the 16th, enclosing the five pound note for my father, came safe to hand Monday last; and, with his thanks and blessing to you, he commends it to you herewith enclosed back again, on account of his being in no immediate necessity, nor likelihood to want in future, as you shall hear forthwith; but wants you over with all speed, and the note will answer for travelling charges; for we can't enjoy the luck it has pleased God to give us, without *yees*: put the rest in your pocket, and read it when you've time.

'Now, cock up your ears, Pat! for the great news is coming, and the good. The master's come home—long life to him!—and family come home yesterday, all entirely! The *ould* lord and the young lord, (ay, there's the man, Paddy!) and my lady, and miss Nugent. And I driv miss Nugent's maid, that maid that was, and another; so I had the luck to be in it alone *wid* 'em, and see all, from first to last. And first, I must tell you, my young lord Colambre remembered and noticed me the minute he lit at our inn, and condescended to beckon at me out of the yard to him; and

axed me—‘Friend Larry,’ says he, ‘did you keep your promise?’ —My oath against the whiskey, is it? says I. My lord, I surely did, said I, which was true, as all the country knows I never tasted a drop since. And I’m proud to see your honor, my lord, as good as your word too, and back again among us. So then there was a call for the horses; and no more at that time passed betwix’ my young lord and me, but that he pointed me out to the *ould* one, as I went off. I noticed and thanked him for it in my heart, tho’ I did not know all the good was to come of it. Well, no more of myself, for the present.

‘Ogh, it’s I driv’em well; and we all got to the great gate of the park before sunset, and as fine an evening as ever you see; with the sun shining on the tops of the trees, as the ladies noticed the leaves changed, but not dropped, though so late in the season. I believe the leaves knew what they were about and kept on, on purpose to welcome them; and the birds were singing, and I stopped whistling, that they might hear them: but sorrow bit could they hear when they got to the park-gate, for there was such a crowd, and such a shout, as you never see—and they had the horses off every carriage entirely, and drew ’em home, with blessings, through the park. And, God bless ’em, when they got out, they didn’t go shut themselves up in the great drawing room, but went straight out to the *tirras*, to satisfy the eyes and hearts that followed them. My lady *laning* on my young lord, and miss Grace Nugent that was, the beautifullest angel that ever you set eyes on, with the finest complexion and sweetest of smiles, *laning* upon the ould lord’s arm, who had his hat off, bowing to all, and noticing the old tenants as he passed by name. O, there was great gladness and tears in the midst; for joy I could scarce keep from myself.’

‘After a turn or two upon the *tirrass*, my lord Colambre quit his mother’s arm for a minute, and he come to the edge of the slope, and looked down and through all the crowd for some one. Is it the widow O’Neil, my lord? says I, she’s yonder, with the spectacles on her nose, betwixt her son and daughter, as usual.—Then, my lord beckoned, and they did not know which of the *tree* would stir; and then he gave *tree* beckons with his own finger, and they all *tree* came fast enough to the bottom of the slope forement my lord; and he went down and helped the widow up, (O, he’s the true jantleman) and brought ’em all *tree* up on the *tirrass*, to my lady and miss Nugent; and I was up close after, that I might hear, which wasn’t manners, but I could’nt help it. So what he said I don’t well know, for I could not get near enough after all. But I saw my lady smile very kind, and take the widow O’Neill by the hand, and then my lord Colambre *troduced* Grace to miss Nugent, and there was the word *namesake*, and something about a check curtains; but whatever it was, they was all greatly pleased: then my lord Colambre turned and looked for Brian, who had fell back and took him with some commendation to my lord his father.—and my lord the master said, which I didn’t know till after, that

they should have their house and farm at the *ould* rent; and at the surprise, the widow dropped down dead; and there was a cry as for ten *herrings*. ‘Be qu’ite,’ says I, ‘she’s only kilt for joy;’ and I went and lift her up, for her son had no more strength than minute than the child new born; and Grace trembled like a leaf, as white as the sheet, but not long, for the mother came too, and was as well as ever when I brought some water, which miss Nugent handed to her with her own hand.

“That was always pretty and good,” said the widow, laying her hand upon Miss Nugent, “and kind and good to me and mine.” That minute there was music from below. The blind harper, O’Neill, with his harp, that struck up “*Gracey Nugent*.” And that finished, and my lord Colambre smiling with the tears standing in his eyes too, and the *ould* lord quite wiping his, I ran to the *tirrass* brink to bid O’Neill play it again; but as I run, I thought I heard a voice call Larry.

“Who calls Larry?” says I. “My Lord Colambre calls you, Larry,” says all at once; and four takes me by my shoulders and spins me round. “There’s my young lord calling you, Larry—run for your life.” “So I run back for my life, and walked respectful, with my hat in my hand; when I got near.” “Put on your hat, my father desires it,” says my lord Colambre. The *ould* lord made a sign to that purpose, but was too full to speak. ‘Where’s your father?’ continues my young lord.—He’s very *ould*, my lord, says I.—‘I didn’t *ax* you how *ould* he was,’ says he; ‘but where is he?’—He’s behind the crowd below; on account of his infirmities he couldn’t walk so fast as the rest, my lord, says I; but his heart is with you, if not his body.—I must have his body too: so bring him bodily before us; and this shall be your warrant for so doing,’ said my lord, joking. For he knows the *natur* of us, Paddy, and how we love a joke in our hearts, as well as if he had lived all his life in Ireland; and by the same token will, for that *rason*, do what he pleases with us, and more may be than a man twice as good, that never would smile on us.

“But I’m telling you of my father. ‘I’ve a warrant for you, father, says I; and must have you bodily before the justice, and my lord chief justice. So he changed colour a bit at first; but he saw me smile.’ ‘And I’ve done no sin,’ said he; ‘and, Larry, you may lead me now, as you led me all my life.’—“And up the slope he went with me, as light as fifteen; and when we got up, my Lord Clonbrony said, “I am sorry an old tenant, and a good old tenant, as I hear you were, should have been turned out of your farm.”—“Don’t fret, it’s no great matter, my lord,” said my father. ‘I shall be soon out of the way; but if you would be so kind to speak a word for my boy here, and that I could afford, while the life is in me, to bring my other boy back out of banishment—’

“Then,’ says my Lord Clonbrony, ‘I’ll give you and your sons three lives, or thirty-one years, from this day, of your former farm. Return to it when you please.’ ‘And,’ added my Lord Colambre,

‘the flaggers, I hope, will be soon banished.’ O, how could I thank him—not a word could I proffer—but I know I clasped my two hands, and prayed for him inwardly. And my father was dropping down on his knees, but the master would not let him; and *observed*, that posture should only be for his God. And, sure enough, in that posture, when he was out of sight, we did pray for him that night, and will all our days.

“But before we quit his presence, he called me back, and bid me write to my brother, and bring you back, if you’ve no objections to your own country.—So come, my dear Pat, and make no delay, for joy’s not joy compleat till you’re in it—my father sends his blessing, and Peggy her love. The family entirely is to settle for good in Ireland; and there was in the castle yard last night a bone-fire made by my lord’s orders of the ould yellow damask furniture, to plase my lady, my lord says. And the drawing-room, the butler was telling me, is new hung; and the chairs, with velvet, as white as snow, and shaded over with natural flowers, by Miss Nugent.—Oh! how I hope what I guess will come true, and I’ve *rason* to believe it will, for I dreamt in my bed last night, it did. But keep yourself to yourself—that Miss Nugent (who is no more Miss Nugent, they say, but Miss Reynolds, and has a new-found grandfather, and is a big heiress, which she did not want in my eyes, nor in my young lord’s), I’ve a notion, will be sometime, and may be sooner than is expected, my Lady Viscountess Colambre—so haste to the wedding. And there’s another thing: they say the rich ould grandfather’s coming over;—and another thing, Pat, you would not be out of the fashion. And you see it’s growing the fashion, not to be an Absentee.’ VI. p. 456. to the end.

If there be any of our readers who is not moved with delight and admiration in the perusal of this letter, we must say, that we have but a poor opinion either of his taste or his moral sensibility; and shall think all the better of ourselves, in future, for appearing tedious in his eyes. For our own parts, we do not know whether we envy the author most, for the rare talent she has shown in this description, or for the *experience* by which its materials have been supplied. She not only makes us know and love the Irish nation far better than any other writer, but seems to us more qualified than most others to promote the knowledge and love of mankind.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SERAGLIO OF THE GRAND SIGNIOR.

From Clarke's Travels, Part 2.

EVERY one is curious to know what exists within recesses which have long been closed against the intrusion of Christians. In vain does the eye, roaming from the towers of Galata, Pera, and Constantinople, attempt to penetrate the thick gloom of cypresses and domes, which distinguishes the most beautiful part of Constantinople. Imagination magnifies things unknown: and when, in addition to the curiosity always excited by mystery, the reflection is suggested, that antient Byzantium occupied the site of the Sultan's palace, a thirst of inquiry is proportionably augmented. I promise to conduct my readers not only within the retirement of the Seraglio, but into the Charem itself, and the most secluded haunts of the Turkish sovereign. Would only I could also promise a degree of satisfaction, in this respect, adequate to their desire of information!

It so happened, that the gardener of the Grand Signior, during our residence in Constantinople, was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Pera, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him; and were invited to his apartments within the walls of the Seraglio, close to the gates of the Sultan's garden. We were accompanied, during our first visit, by his intimate friend, the secretary and chaplain of the Swedish mission; who, but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal Sultanas and the Sultan mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the Charem, which communicated with the Seraglio gardens, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this, it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge; where an *arabat*, (a covered waggon upon four wheels, with latticed windows at the sides, formed to conceal those who are within; almost the only species of carriage in use among the

Turks), was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the Seraglio, within the walls of the palace. Upon those occasions, the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters, and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the Sultan Mother, with the four principal Sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing at each other. A small scullery window, of the gardener's lodge, looked directly towards the gate, through which these ladies were to pass; and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimblet holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair; and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour: neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish women generally are.—The Swedish gentleman said, he was almost sure they suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested, in displaying their charms, and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror; as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives, if any such suspicion had entered the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and very thick tresses, on each side their cheeks; falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. Those tresses were quite powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered, by handfuls, among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore, each of them, a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts, were quite exposed: not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener, who had daily access to different parts of the Seraglio, offered to conduct us not only over the gardens, but promised, if we would come singly, during the season of the *Ramadan*, when the guards, being up all night, would be stupefied during the day with sleep and intoxication, to undertake the

greater risk of shewing us the interior of the *Charem*, or apartments of the women; that is to say, of that part of it which they inhabit during the summer; for they were still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted his offer: I only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of Preaux, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of any thing we might find interesting, either in the *Charem*, or gardens of the Seraglio. The apprehensions of Monsieur Preaux were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to venture into the Seraglio; and he afterwards either lost, or secreted, the only drawings which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left Pera, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in the morning; embarking at Tophana, and steering towards that gate of the Seraglio which faces the Bosphorus on the south-eastern side, where the entrance to the Seraglio gardens and the gardener's lodge are situated. A Bostanghy, as a sort of porter, is usually seated, with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the Seraglio, the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects: among the first of these are, enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken sarcophagi, high rising mounds, and a long gloomy avenue, leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the Seraglio. This gate is the same by which the Sultanas came out for the airing before alluded to; and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it, towards the west, offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary, walk, to a very considerable extent, shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite this entrance of the Seraglio is a very lofty mound, or bank, covered by large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, after entering, are the large wooden folding doors of the Grand Signior's gardens; and near them lie many fragments of ancient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes; among others, a sarcophagus of one block of marble, covered with a simple, though unmeaning basrelief. Entering the gardens by the folding doors, a pleasing *coup d'œil* of trellis work and covered walks is displayed, more after the taste of Holland than that of any other country. Various and very despicable *jets d'eau*, straight gravel-walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the exception of a long green-house filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears in the small spot which bears the name of the Seraglio Gardens. The view, on entering, is down the principal gravel-walk; and all the walks meet at a central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work

by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water into large shells, or form parachutes over lighted bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box, containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and further on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side. Exactly opposite to the garden gates is the door of the *Charem*, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand Signior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and inclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small green-houses, filled with very common plants, and a number of Canary-birds. Before the *Charem* windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door; and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior court of the *Charem* itself. We will keep this door shut for a short time, in order to describe the Seraglio garden more minutely: and afterwards open it, to gratify the reader's curiosity.

Still facing the *Charem* on the left hand, is a paved ascent, leading through a handsome gilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is a kiosk, which I shall presently describe. Returning from the *Charem* to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the Upper Garden of the Seraglio; and till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small and insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which I first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situated on the sea-shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutary and the Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships, gondolas, dolphins, birds, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of Eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform surrounded by windows, and terminated by a divân. The *divân* is a sort of couch, or sofa, common all over the Levant, surrounding every side

of a room, except that which contains the entrance. It is raised about sixteen inches from the floor. When a *Divân* is held, it means nothing more, than that the persons composing it are thus seated.—On the right and left are the private apartments of the Sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre, presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas constituting the divân are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions: poetry, and passages from the Korân. The sofas are of white satin, beautifully embroidered by the women of the Seraglio.

Leaving the platform, on the left hand is the Sultan's private chamber of repose, the floor of which is surrounded by couches of very costly workmanship. Opposite to this chamber, on the other side of the kiosk, a door opens to the apartments in which are placed the attendant Sultanas, the Sultan Mother, or any ladies in residence with the sovereign. This room corresponds exactly with the Sultan's chamber, except that the couches are more magnificently embroidered.

A small staircase leads from these apartments, to two chambers below, paved with marble, and as cold as any cellar. Here a more numerous assemblage of women are buried, as it were, during the heat of summer. The first is a sort of antechamber to the other; by the door of which, in a nook of the wall, are placed the Sultan's slippers, of common yellow morocco, and coarse workmanship. Having entered the marble chamber immediately below the kiosk, a marble basin presents itself, with a fountain in the centre, containing water to the depth of about three inches, and a few very small fishes. Answering to the platform mentioned in the description of the kiosk, is another, exactly of a similar nature, closely latticed, where the ladies sit during the season of their residence in this place. I was pleased with observing a few things they had carelessly left upon the sofas, and which characterized their mode of life. Among these was an English writing-box, of black varnished wood, with a sliding cover, and drawers; the drawers containing coloured writing-paper, red pens, perfumed wax, and little bags made of embroidered satin, in which their billets-doux are sent, by negro slaves, who are both mutes and eunuchs. That liqueurs are drunk in these secluded chambers is evident; for we found labels for bottles, neatly cut out with scissars, bearing Turkish inscriptions, with the words "*Rosoglio*," "*Golden Water*," and *Water of Life*." Having now seen every part of this building, we returned to the garden, by the entrance which admitted us to the kiosk.

Our next and principal object was the examination of the *Charem*; and, as the undertaking was attended with danger, we

first took care to see that the garden was cleared of Bostanghies, and other attendants; as our curiosity, if detected, would, beyond all doubt, have cost us our lives upon the spot. A catastrophe of this nature has been already related by Le Bruyn.

Having inspected every alley and corner of the garden, we advanced, half-breathless, and on tip-toe, to the great wooden door of the passage which leads to the inner court of this mysterious edifice. We succeeded in forcing this open; but the noise of its grating hinges, amidst the profound silence of the place, went to our very hearts. We then entered a small quadrangle, exactly resembling that of Queen's College, Cambridge, filled with weeds. It was divided into two parts, one raised above the other; the principal side of the court containing an open cloister, supported by small white marble columns. Every thing appeared in a neglected state. The women only reside here during summer. Their winter apartments may be compared to the late bastile of France; and the decoration of these apartments is even inferior to that which I shall presently describe. From this court, forcing open a small window near the ground, we climbed into the building, and alighted upon a long range of wooden beds, or couches, covered by mats, prepared for the reception of a hundred slaves: these reached the whole extent of a very long corridor. From hence, passing some narrow passages, the floors of which were also matted, we came to a staircase leading to the upper apartments. Of such irregular and confused architecture, it is difficult to give any adequate description. We passed from the lower dormitory of the slaves to another above: this was divided into two tiers; so that one half of the numerous attendants it was designed to accommodate slept over the other, upon a sort of shelf or scaffold near the ceiling. From this second corridor we entered into a third, a long matted passage: on the left of this were small apartments for slaves of higher rank; and upon the right, a series of rooms looking towards the sea. By continuing along this corridor, we at last entered the great *Chamber of Audience*, in which the Sultan Mother receives visits of ceremony from the Sultanas, and other distinguished ladies of the Charem. Nothing can be imagined better suited to theatrical representation than this chamber; and I regret the loss of the very accurate drawing which I caused Monsieur Preaux to complete upon the spot. It is exactly such an apartment as the best painters of scenic decoration would have selected, to afford a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence, of the Ottoman court. The stage is best suited for its representations; and therefore the reader is requested to have the stage in his imagination while it is described. It was surrounded with enormous mirrors, the costly

donations of Infidel Kings, as they are styled by the present possessors. These mirrors the women of the Seraglio sometimes break in their frolics.* At the upper end is the throne, a sort of a cage, in which the Sultana sits, surrounded by latticed blinds; for even here her person is held too sacred to be exposed to the common observation of slaves and females of the Charem. A lofty flight of broad steps, covered with crimson cloth, leads to this cage, as to a throne. Immediately in front of it are two burnished chairs of state, covered with crimson velvet and gold, one on each side the entrance. To the right and the left of the throne, and upon a level with it, are the sleeping apartments of the Sultan Mother, and her principal females in waiting. The external windows of the throne are all latticed: on one side they look towards the sea, and on the other into the quadrangle of the Charem; the chamber itself occupying the whole breadth of the building, on the side of the quadrangle into which it looks. The area below the latticed throne, or the front of the stage (to follow the idea before proposed), is set apart for attendants, for the dancers, for actors, music, refreshments, and whatsoever is brought into the Charem for the amusement of the court. This place is covered with Persian mats; but these are removed when the Sultana is here, and the richest carpets substituted in their place.

Beyond the great Chamber of Audience is the *Assembly Room* of the Sultan, when he is in the Charem. Here we observed the magnificent lustre before mentioned. The Sultan sometimes visits this chamber during the winter, to hear musick, and to amuse himself with his favourites. It is surrounded by mirrors. The other ornaments display that strange mixture of magnificence and wretchedness, which characterize all the state-chambers of Turkish grandees. Leaving the Assembly Room by the same door through which we entered, and continuing along the passage, as before, which runs parallel to the sea-shore, we at length reached, what might be termed the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of this Paphian temple, the Baths of the Sultan Mother and the four principal Sultanas. These are small, but very elegant, constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above. At the upper end is a raised sudatory and bath for the Sultan Mother, concealed by lattice-work from the rest of the apartment. Fountains play constantly into the floor of this bath, from

* The mischief done in this way, by the Grand Signior's women, is so great, that some of the most costly articles of furniture are removed, when they come from their winter apartments to this palace. Among the number, was the large coloured lustre given by the Earl of Elgin: this was only suspended during their absence; and even then by a common rope. We saw it in this state. The offending ladies, when detected, are whipped by the black eunuchs, whom it is their chief amusement to elude and to ridicule.

all its sides; and every degree of refined luxury has been added to the work, which a people, of all others best versed in the ceremonies of the bath, have been capable of inventing or requiring.

Leaving the bath, and returning along the passage by which we came, we entered what is called the *Chamber of Repose*. Nothing need be said of it, except that it commands the finest view any where afforded from this point of the Seraglio. It forms a part of the building well known to strangers, from the circumstances of its being supported, towards the sea, by twelve columns of that beautiful and rare breccia, the *viride Lacedæmonium* of Pliny, called by Italians *Il verde antico*. These columns are of the finest quality ever seen; and each of them consists of one entire stone. The two interior pillars are of green Egyptian breccia, more beautiful than any specimen of the kind existing.

We now proceeded to that part of the Charem which looks into the Seraglio garden, and entered a larger apartment, called *Chalved Tiertzy*, or, as the French would express it, *Salle de promenade*. Here the other ladies of the Charem entertain themselves, by hearing and seeing comedies, farcical representations, dances, and music. We found it in the state of an old lumber-room. Large dusty pier-glasses, in heavy gilded frames, neglected and broken, stood, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, leaning against the wall, the whole length of one side of the room. Old furniture; shabby bureaus of the worst English work, made of oak, walnut, or mahogany; inlaid broken cabinets; scattered fragments of chandeliers; scraps of paper, silk rags, and empty confectionary boxes; were the only objects in this part of the palace.

From this room, we descended into the court of the Charem; and, having crossed it, ascended, by a flight of steps, to an upper parterre, for the purpose of examining a part of the building appropriated to the inferior ladies of the Seraglio. Finding it exactly upon the plan of the rest, only worse furnished, and in a more wretched state, we returned, to quit the Charem entirely, and effect our retreat to the garden. The reader may imagine our consternation, on finding that the great door was closed upon us, and that we were locked in. Listening, to ascertain if any one was stirring, we discovered that a slave had entered to feed some turkeys, who were gobbling and making a great noise at a small distance. We profited by their tumult, to force back the huge lock of the gate with a large stone, which fortunately yielded to our blows, and we made our escape.

We now quitted the Lower Garden of the Seraglio, and ascended, by a paved road, towards the *Chamber of the Garden of*

Hyacinths. This promised to be interesting, as we were told the Sultan passed almost all his private hours in that apartment; and the view of it might make us acquainted with occupations and amusements, which characterize the man, divested of the outward parade of the Sultan. We presently turned from the paved ascent, towards the right, and entered a small garden, laid out into very neat oblong borders, edged with porcelain, or Dutch tiles. Here no plant is suffered to grow, except the Hyacinth; whence the name of this garden, and the chamber it contains. We examined this apartment, by looking through a window. Nothing can be more magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded by a divan, the cushions and pillows of which were of black embroidered satin. Opposite the windows of the chamber was a fire-place, after the ordinary European fashion; and on each side of this, a door covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors and the fire-place appeared a glass-case, containing the Sultan's private library, upon shelves; every volume being in manuscript, lying one above the other, and the title of each book written on the edges of its leaves. From the ceiling of the room, which was of burnished gold, opposite to the fire-place, hung three gilt cages, containing small figures of artificial birds: these sung by mechanism. In the centre of the room stood an enormous gilt brazier, supported, in an ewer, by four massive claws, like vessels seen under side-boards in England. Opposite to the entrance, on one side of the apartment, was a raised bench, crossing the door, on which were placed an embroidered napkin, a vase, and basin, for washing the beard and hands. Over this bench, upon the wall, was suspended the large embroidered *porte-feuille*, worked with silver thread on yellow leather, which is carried in procession when the Sultan goes to mosque, or elsewhere in public, to contain the petitions presented by his subjects. In a nook close to the door was also a pair of yellow boots; and on the bench, by the ewer, a pair of slippers of the same materials. These are placed at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the Sultan. The floor was covered with Gobelins tapestry; and the ceiling, as before stated, magnificently gilded and burnished. Groupes of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poniards, were disposed, with very singular taste and effect, on the different compartments of the walls; the handles and scabbards of which were covered with diamonds of very large size: these, as they glittered around, gave a most gorgeous effect to the splendour of this truly sumptuous chamber.

We had scarce ended our survey of this costly scene, when, to our great dismay, a Bostanghy made his appearance within the apartment; but, fortunately for us, his head was turned from

the window, and we immediately sunk below it, creeping upon our hands and knees, until we got clear of the Garden of Hyacinths. Thence, ascending to the upper walks, we passed an aviary of nightingales.

The walks in the upper garden are very small, in wretched condition, and laid out in worse taste than the fore court of a Dutchman's house in the suburbs of the Hague. Small as they are, they constituted, until lately, the whole of the Seraglio gardens near the sea; and from them may be seen the whole prospect of the entrance to the Canal, and the opposite coast of Scutary. Here, in an old kiosk, is seen a very ordinary marble slab, supported on iron cramps: this, nevertheless, was a present from Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. It is precisely the sort of sideboard seen in the lowest inns of England; and, while it may be said no person would pay half the amount of its freight to send it back again, it shews the nature of the presents then made to the Porte by foreign Princes. From these formal parterres we descended to the Gardener's lodge, and left the gardens by the gate through which we entered.

I never should have offered so copious a detail of the scenery of this remarkable place, if I did not believe that an account of the interior of the Seraglio would be satisfactory, from the secluded nature of the objects to which it bears reference, and the little probability there is of so favourable an opportunity being again granted, to any traveller, for its investigation.

MANNERS AND DISPOSITIONS OF THE ARABS IN EGYPT.

From Clarke's Travels.

THE effects and wealth of the Arabs, consist generally in cattle. Their Emirs and Sheiks have gold and silver; but, like the Laplanders, they bury it in the earth; thus it is frequently lost; because the owner dies without acquainting his successor where he has concealed his treasure. Corn is extremely cheap among the Arabs.—The Arabs pasture their cattle upon the spontaneous produce of the rich plains, with which the country abounds. Their camels require but little nourishment; existing, for the most part, upon small balls of meal, or the kernels of dates. The true Arab is always an inhabitant of the *Desert*, a name given to any solitude, whether barren or fertile. Hence the appellations bestowed upon them, of *Badawi*, or *Bedouins*, and of *Saracens*; for these appellations signify nothing more than *inhabitants of the Desert*. Their usual weapons consist of a lance, a poniard, an iron mace, a battle-axe, and some-

times a matchlock gun. The moveables of a whole family seldom exceed a camel's load. They reside always in tents, in the open plain, or upon the mountains. The covering of their tents is made of goats' hair, woven by their women. Their mode of life very much resembles that of the gipsies in England; men, women, children, and cattle, all lodging together. In their disposition, though naturally grave and silent, they are very amiable; considering hospitality as a religious duty, and always acting with kindness to their slaves and inferiors.—The French author D'Arvieux, in his *Voyage to Palestine*, says, that “Scandal is unknown among them; that they speak well of all the world; never contradicting any one. To break wind before an Arab is deemed an act of infamy.”—There is a dignity in their manner which is very striking; and this perhaps is owing to their serious deportment, aided by the imposing aspect of their beards. Selfishness, the vice of civilized nations, seldom degrades an Arab; and the politeness he practises is well worthy of imitation. Drunkenness and gaming, the genuine offspring of selfishness, are unknown among them. If a stranger enter one of their tents, they all rise, give him the place of honour, and never sit until their guest is accommodated. They cannot endure seeing a person spit, because it is deemed a mark of contempt: for the same reason it is an offence to blow the nose in their presence. They detest the Turks, because they consider them as usurpers of their country. The curious superstition of dreading the injurious consequences of a *look*, from an evil, or an envious eye, is not peculiar to the Arabs. The Turks, and many other nations, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the people of Cornwall, entertain the same notion. But the Arabs even extend it to their cattle, whom they believe liable to this fascination. The Ancients, according to Virgil, entertained a similar fantasy. To relate all that may be said concerning their other customs, particularly of the delight they take in horsemanship, and of the estimation wherein high-bred horses are held among them, would be only to repeat what has been already related, with admirable conciseness, truth, and judgment, by the Chevalier D'Arvieux. He has preserved the address of an Arab to his mare, as delivered in his own presence; and this, more eloquent than whole pages of descriptive information, presents us with a striking picture of Arab manners. A man named Ibrahim, being poor, had been under the necessity of allowing a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in the possession of this animal. The mare was called Touisa; her pedigree could be traced, from publick records, both on the side of the sire and dam, for five hundred years prior to her birth; and her price was three hundred pounds; an enormous sum in that country.—

“Ibrahim,” says D’Arvieux, “went frequently to Rama, to inquire news of that mare which he dearly loved. I have many a time had the pleasure to see him weep with tenderness the while he was kissing and caressing her. He would embrace her; would wipe her eyes with his handkerchief; would rub her with his shirt sleeves; would give her a thousand benedictions, during whole hours that he would remain talking to her. ‘My Eyes,’ would he say to her, ‘my Soul, my Heart, must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not to keep thee myself? I am poor, my Antelope! Thou knowest it well, my darling! I brought thee up in my dwelling, as my child; I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the fondest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! Thou art beautiful! Thou art sweet! Thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!’”

ACCOUNT OF THE DANCING GIRLS OF THE EAST.

From Wittman’s Travels, Savary’s Letters, &c.

THE practice of educating and maintaining dancing girls, appears to have existed among the Hindoos from the remotest ages. From them the custom descended to the Israelites, as we learn from the history of David. They are called almèh, because they are better educated than the other females of the country, in which they form a celebrated society, and the entertainment which they supply is called *natch*, or the feats of dancing girls.

The qualifications requisite for admission into the society of these females, are, a good voice, a knowledge of the language, and of the rules of poetry, and an ability to adapt their songs to the occasion on which they have been called. They add to the splendour and the entertainment of a marriage, where they precede the bride, playing on instruments; and they increase the lamentations and the solemnity of funerals, by every tone of sorrow, and every gesture of grief and of despair. It is, however, but for the rich men and the powerful, that the most elegant class allow themselves to mourn, or to rejoice. In the lower order, there is also an inferior class, whose imitations of the former are but humble; without their knowledge, the elegance, or the grace of the higher order, they frequent the public places and the general walks; and to a polished mind, create disgust when they wish to allure. The almèh of the higher class know by heart all the new songs; they commit to memory the most beautiful elegiac hymns, that bewail the death of a hero, or the successes or misfortunes incident to love. No festival can be complete

without their attendance; nor is there an entertainment in which the almèh is not an ornament, or the chief excitement of pleasurable, and too popular sensations.

If the European of high life has instrumental music during his public entertainments, the more luxurious Asiatic produces enjoyments for the eye and for the ear—senses equally capricious, and regaled with sensations more entrancing and aerial than the gross enjoyments of the palate. When the stranger has been satiated, and the taste has been glutted with its enjoyment, the almèh descend into the saloon, and form dances unallied in either figure or step to those of Europe. The usual occurrences of life are sometimes represented by them; but they are principally employed to depict the origin, the growth, the successes, the misfortunes, or the mysteries of love. Their bodies are surprisingly flexible, and their command of countenance leads the spectator almost from the fable of the scene, to the reality of life; the indecency of their attitudes and of their dress is frequently carried to excess. Their looks, their gestures, every thing speaks the warmth of their agitations, and that with so unequivocal or so bold an accent, that a foreigner to their language needs not a preparation for the approaching witchery of feeling; they lay aside their veils, and with them their small remains of female timidity. A long robe of very thin silk goes down to their heels, which is but slightly fastened with a rich girdle, perhaps the original of the cestus, whilst their long black hair, braided and perfumed, entangles and captivates, in the language of the poet of Shiray, “the hearts of their beholders.” A shift, as transparent as the finest gauzes of their country, scarcely hides their bosoms, which they wish as little to conceal; the shape, the contour of their bodies, seem to develope themselves successively, as their motions are regulated by the sounds of the flute, the castanet, the tambours de pasque, and the cymbals. Whilst their inclinations are inflamed by songs adapted to the scene, they appear in an intoxication of the senses, in a voluptuous delirium; they throw off every reserve, they abandon themselves to the overwhelming disorder of their senses; and then it is that a people, who, in their chaste moments, are far from delicate, and who almost detest the retiring modesty of nature; then it is that their auditors redouble their applauses, which, stimulating the almèh, increase their efforts to delight and entrance the spectators.

But it is not to the desire of the eye, the gratification of the ear, or to the fulfilment of loose, inordinate, and grosser excitements, that the almèh of the distinguished class confine their meretricious interference. Their qualifications introduce them into the harems as well as the saloons of the great; these girls, with cultivated understandings, with a peculiar purity of phrase-

ology, and the most engaging softness of manners, obtained from so entire a dedication of themselves to poetry, and the kinder feelings, possess a familiarity with the softest, as well as the most sonorous expressions of their language. They repeat with a great deal of grace, and they sing the unsophisticated harmonies or airs of their country, without "the borrowed aid of Italian art." We shall now proceed to give an account of the education of the almèh.

This race of women among the Hindoos, &c. is formed into three grand divisions.

1st, A particular set is employed in the service of the temples, where dancing is performed at regulated intervals. These are not remarkable for their beauty, because they are the refuse of the following class.

2d, The fashionable set—The women in this class are invariably preferred; they are accomplished in every art of allurement; they are generally handsome; they live decently, with the exceptions of their profession; and the greatest number of them are in comfortable (pecuniary) situations.

The 3d and lowest class, are a shameless race. They are the common women, who have no pretensions to any sort of acquirements, and wholly depend for the necessities of life on the trade to which they are devoted.

The fashionable class, with whose theatrical representations the "great vulgar" is entertained, are originally descended from the tribe of *Kicolas*, or weavers, who from immemorial usage had dedicated the female offspring of each family to the service of the temples and the public. Happy for human nature, this absurd and degrading custom is not in much practice now; as the uninterrupted employment which that class find under the auspices of the Honourable Company, together with the amelioration of their circumstances, has improved their feelings of honour and of virtue. The deficiency arising from the above cause, is made up by the purchase of girls from different parts of the country, where the calamities of war and of famine, domestic misfortunes, and peculiar religious customs, drive parents to the necessity of disposing of their children. An elderly woman, and one or two girls, form a *set*, which is distinguished after the young or the old lady's name, as fortune, fame, or chance, may render either of them conspicuous. The young girls are sent to the dancing-school at about five or six years of age; and at eight they begin to learn music, either vocal or instrumental; some attain a great proficiency in dancing, others in singing; but the first art is limited to a certain period of life; for dancing, in the Hindoo style, requires great agility and strength of constitution: and no female after the age of twenty five years is reckoned competent to the task.

The expense attending the education of a girl, with such accomplishments, will probably amount to between three and four hundred pagodas. This is either managed by contracts, or monthly payment, to the *Natuva*, the dancing master, and *Pataea*, the singer.

When the girl attains a certain degree of proficiency, the friends and relations of the old mother are invited; and after observing certain formalities and ceremonies, the young *aspirant* is introduced into the assembly; where her merit and her proficiency are examined and tried.

The expense of this first exhibition is great, including the presents to the dancing-master; and it is supported either by the betrothed gallant of the girl, or the friend of her mother. After this ceremony, and not till then, the *set* gain admittance to the favour of the public, and are asked to attend marriages, and every other entertainment, funerals, and every other solemnity.

With regard to their revenues, the first source of emolument proceeds from their destination as public women. When the young female arrives at the age of puberty, she is consigned to the protection of a man who generally pays a large premium, besides a suitable monthly allowance: changes of protectors are made as often as it suits the convenience and advantage of the old matron.

The second channel of benefit arises from the presents made to them for dancing and singing: unfortunately no standard of hire was ever established, but it is intirely left to the arrangements of the parties.

A *set* will probably receive from thirty to five hundred rupees for the performance of three or four days, as the circumstances and dispositions of the person who requests their attendance may admit; sometimes the spectators give a few rupees to them either from liberality or vanity. The produce of this supply goes in shares to every individual forming the *set*, thus: Five or ten *per cent.* on the whole is taken off for charities; the residue is then divided into two shares, one of which is allowed to the dancing women, the other subdivided into $6\frac{1}{2}$ shares, of which $2\frac{1}{2}$ are given to *Natuva*, or the dancing master; $1\frac{1}{2}$ to *Pataca*, or the singer; 1 to *Pillangolo*, or the flute-player; $1\frac{1}{2}$ to *Maddalagar*, or the trumpeter; $1\frac{1}{2}$ to *Strutymen*, or the bellows blower; this is paid by the dancing woman out of her share.

SPANISH PEASANTRY.

From Mr. Jacob's Travels in Spain.

“THE inhabitants of Ronda have peculiarities common to themselves and the other people in the mountainous districts, and obviously differ from the people on the plains. The dress, both of the males and females, varies as well in the contour and shape of the garments, as in the materials of which they are composed, and is peculiarly calculated for cold weather. Their countenances, as I have before noticed, are very expressive, and, in my judgment, superior to those of any race of people I have seen. The men are remarkably well formed, robust, and active, with a flexibility of well-turned limbs, which, doubtless, contributes to that agility for which they are celebrated: but the females in general are of short stature; and the cumbersome dress which they wear so conceals the figure, that it is difficult to determine whether they are well or ill formed; but there is an expression of sensibility in their countenances, and a peculiar grace in all their movements, which is extremely fascinating. In walking the streets the women wear veils to cover their heads, as a substitute for caps and hats, neither of which are worn. These veils are frequently made of a pink or a pale blue flannel; and, with a petticoat of black stuff, form their principal dress. The men wear no hats; but, instead of them, what are called montero caps, made of black velvet or silk, abundantly adorned with tassels and fringe; and a short jacket, with gold or silver buttons, and sometimes ornamented with embroidery, is worn just sufficiently open to display a highly finished waistcoat: they wear leather or velvet breeches, with gaiters; so that the whole of the figure, which is generally extremely good, is distinctly seen.

Having observed much of the manners and character of the Spanish peasantry, more especially within the last fourteen days, I feel I should not be doing them justice, were I to abstain from speaking of them according to my impressions. I have given some account of their figures and countenances, and though both are good, I do not think them equal to their dispositions. There is a civility to strangers, and an easy style of behaviour, familiar to this class of Spanish society, which is very remote from the churlish and awkward manners of the English and German peasantry. Their sobriety and endurance of fatigue are very remarkable; and there is a constant cheerfulness in their demeanor, which strongly prepossesses a stranger in their favour. This cheerfulness is displayed in singing either ancient ballads, or songs, which they compose as they sing, with all the facility of

the Italian improvisatori. One of their songs varying in words, according to the skill of the singer, has a termination to certain verses, which says, "that as Ferdinand has no wife, he shall marry the King of England's daughter." Some of these songs relate to war or chivalry, and many to gallantry and love: the latter not always expressed in the most decorous language, according to our ideas.

"The agility of the Spaniards in leaping, climbing, and walking, has been a constant subject of admiration to our party. We have frequently known a man on foot start from a town with us, who were well mounted, and continue his journey with such rapidity, as to reach the end of the stage before us, and announce our arrival with officious civility. A servant likewise, whom we hired at Malaga, has kept pace with us on foot ever since; and though not more than seventeen years of age, he seems incapable of being fatigued by walking. I have heard the agility of the Spanish peasants, and their power of enduring fatigue, attributed to a custom, which, though it may probably have nothing to do with the cause, deserves noticing from its singularity. A young peasant never sleeps on a bed till he is married; before that event he rests on the floor in his clothes, which he never takes off, but for the purposes of cleanliness: and during the greater part of the year it is a matter of indifference whether he sleep under a roof or in the open air.

"I have remarked, that though the Spaniards rise very early, they generally keep late hours, and seem most lively and alert at midnight: this may be attributed to the heat of the weather during the day, and to the custom of sleeping after their meal at noon, which is so general, that the towns and villages appear quite deserted from one till four o'clock. The labours of the artificer, and the attentions of the shop-keeper, are suspended during those hours; and the doors and windows of the latter are as closely shut as at night, or on a holiday.

"Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility; and to pass them without the usual expression, 'Vaya usted con Dios,' or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of Caballeros, would be risking an insult from people, who, though civil, and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised, by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection, is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their religion; it is a subject on which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most un-

pardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcileable with the generality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain, than in any other country I have visited.

“ Their generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told, that, after the revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprise, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests the persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself, to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused it, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house, or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshments had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.

“ I should be glad, if I could, with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but, perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders, are as much inferior to those of the peasants, as their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.

“ The mountains in this neighbourhood are filled with bands of contrabandists, who convey tobacco and other goods from Gibraltar to the interior of the country: they are an athletic race of men, with all the hardiness and spirit of enterprise which their dangerous occupation requires. They reside in the towns which are situated in the most mountainous parts of the country, and

are well acquainted with all the passes and hiding places. They are excellent marksmen; and though the habit of their lives has rendered them disobedient to the revenue laws, yet they are much attached to their native land, and might, with a little management, be rendered very formidable to its invaders.

“ After this digression from the city of Ronda to the inhabitants of the vicinity, and from thence to the Spanish peasantry in general, I return to finish my description of the place, which may be done in a few words. It looks beautifully at a distance, but is as disgusting as most other Spanish towns upon a nearer inspection. It contains five convents, with splendid churches, and three paroquias, or parish churches, an ancient Moorish castle, and abundance of Roman antiquities. The air is esteemed remarkably salubrious, and the longevity of the inhabitants has given rise to a proverb, which says, ‘ in Ronda a man of eighty is but a boy.’

“ As the inhabitants depend almost wholly on the productions of the fruitful fields and gardens which surround them, they have little occasion for commerce. Their surplus fruit is sent to Cadiz and Seville, and at present to Gibraltar, where it is exchanged for the few commodities which the luxurious require from other countries. There are manufactories which supply the city and district with serges, baize, flannels, leather, and hats; but none of these articles are sent beyond the neighbouring towns; and, indeed, they are scarcely sufficient to supply them, without some additions from the mercantile cities.

“ In the time of the Roman government in Spain, this was a municipal town, named Arunda, as appears from inscriptions upon several monuments which have been preserved, as well as from the coins which were collected in the cabinet of Count Aguilar, the first victim of revolutionary fury in Seville.

DESCRIPTION OF PETERSBURGH.

[From the Sporting Magazine, for September, 1812.]

THE following lively description of Pittsburgh, contrasting the varied aspects presented by the different quarters of that capital, is extracted from a recent French publication:—

“ If I had for one day at my disposal the ring of a fairy, I would amuse myself in the following manner—

“ Some fine day in Spring or Summer, I would take from one of the most civilized countries of Southern Europe, a man of a well informed mind, and possessed of the experience which is conferred by travelling, and by a knowledge of the world, I would transport him through the air to St. Pittsburgh. Dur-

ing his voyage, he should have his eyes blindfolded, and in that state I would conduct him to the bank of the Neva, where the merchant vessels unload their cargoes in the quarter of the Old Exchange. Before taking the bandage from his eyes, I would say to him, "Can you imagine, Sir, where you are?"

"I smell," he would say to me, "an odour of merchandize, I smell packages, and the varied scents of oranges, citrons, nuts, hides, and dried raisins; my ear is struck just now with the noise of pulleys, and the cries of sailors hoisting merchandize; I smell the pitch and tar of cordage, I hear vessels refitting, I hear spoken the English, Danish, Swedish, and German languages, and other tongues which are unknown to me, and which sound very strange: I must be in a commercial city." I would then take the bandage from my traveller, enchanted with his having rightly divined where he was. In seeing the forest of masts, and the variety of costumes around him, he would find a sufficient compensation for having been for a moment deprived of sight.

"Replacing the bandage, my observer and myself would then transport ourselves to the midst of the Summer garden. We promenade in the grand alley, and breathe a delightful freshness of air under the shade of majestic trees. This is the rendezvous of the beau monde of the capital. In the eager throng they can with difficulty give place to, or avoid each other, and the rents in their vestments announce involuntary shocks. All is delightful in this superb alley; luxury and opulence are every where displayed, an atmosphere of delicious perfumes precedes and follows groups of elegant females, and Venus recognizes her daughters in the ambrosial odour which escapes from their divine hair. Amongst the men sometimes a cross displays itself at a buttonhole, sometimes a *crachat* may be perceived under a modest frock, brilliant lacquies, and negroes, Turks in livery, little *marmots* clothed *a la Chinoise Coureurs*, bearing shawls on their arms, or handkerchief, waiting the orders of their mistresses, a long file of equipages ranged near the different extremes of the gardens; the variety of this magnificent spectacle, would strike my observer with astonishment. I ask of him where he believes himself to be—"It is another world," says he, "to that we were in first; in this is an opulent city, but not a commercial city. I believe myself to be in the neighbourhood of a brilliant court, but I know not in what city."

"In order that my observer might not perceive that his journeys were within the same circle, I would at the commencement of each jaunt replace the bandage. From the Summer garden, I would transport him to the midst of the Isle of Kretowsky; on all sides are *bourgeois* and artisans amusing themselves during

the interval of labour, some playing at nine pins, and others promenading with pipes in their mouths; some extended on the grass with their wives and children, take tea round an ample copper boiler, others drink beer, or eat cold meat, or take milk, on a napkin spread on the sand. They sing and amuse themselves;—“Sir,” says my aerial traveller to me, “just now I must have been in France, but here is a fair at a small town in Germany; I recognize the language, the songs, the accents of joy; I must be at a considerable distance from the place where we were just now.”

“On a sudden, I transport my traveller to Kammeni-ostroff. I place him on the bridge, the enchanted isle displaying itself before us; it seems to float on silver waves; it is bordered by voluptuous groves and trees of a majestic height, whose foliage balances itself in air. In the bosom of this amphitheatre of verdure, are scattered here and there a number of delicious habitations, yellow, white, rose-colour, sky-blue, the most lively colours unite themselves in their façades; the eye cannot divine in what manner they are constructed; they seem to be made of porcelaine, or of cartridge paper, delicately cut according to fancy, and painted in a style of decoration; they appear to belong to France, to Italy, to England, to Holland, to China, but their *ensemble* is of no country. The climate is mild, it unites all climates; the atmosphere is serene, the water is limpid, the agitation is fresh and vigorous. This isle is surrounded by a number of other isles; every where there is water, every where there is verdure, every where there is nothing but fairyism and enchantment.—“Sir,” he would say, “I know not where I am, I know neither the style of the architecture, nor the climate, nor the vegetation.”

“I would then transport my traveller to the new promenade near the Admiralty. “Here are English,” he says, “here are Turks, here are Spaniards, here are Americans; these men were born at the foot of Mount Caucasus; I have seen these nations in prints, they are here in nature, they are busy, they promenade, and seem to shew attention to each other; is this an illusion, or is it reality? They each speak their own language. It is a rendezvous of different nations, but not of merchants. These edifices are not those of a commercial city. Here is a palace, which must be the habitation of a great monarch. What a vast extent, what imposing grandeur! I must be in one of the first residences of Europe.”

“The bandage is resumed, and my traveller is transported to the perspective of Newsky. “Look around you,” I say to him, “examine, Sir, these houses, and tell me where you think you are.” “These elegant houses, these hotels with flat roofs, one

meets with," he replies, "in Italy and France; they are simple, and of an agreeable taste, but have no distinctive mark to indicate their country. This street does not belong to London, for London has no granite; its streets besides, are neither so large, nor so spacious. Neither Amsterdam nor Venice offer a canal of this magnificence; there are not here the uniform bricks of Holland, nor the gloomy gondolas on the lakes. The lakes besides are not bordered by vast streets and quays of granite, nor do ballustrades of iron surround the waters of the Amstel. This street surpasses in length the celebrated streets of Berlin, nor do Turin or Florence possess any of the dimensions of this. I do not see here the antique monuments of Rome, but I see columns of marble (marble and granite strike one's attention every where); every where I observe a freshness and an elegance which I have seen no where else. Neither London nor Vienna have these equipages; there the movement is grand—here it is more brisk and more precipitate. This city, Sir, is one of the first cities of Europe; it is the fifth through which you have carried me," says my traveller to me.

"Keeping him still in suspence, I place him suddenly in the middle of a groupe of inhabitants of the country. He sees them in the Hay Market; he is frightened at their thick beards and bristled chins; these men in large pelisses, or in coarse cloth, and with hairy caps; their hairy breasts and uncovered necks; their mantles of sackcloth; their shoes of the bark of trees, quite surprise and astonish him. "What carriages," he says, "what harness! in my life I have never seen the like. What is the meaning of those girdles of wood round the necks of the horses? Every thing is rustic and vigorous—every thing is strange, even to the physiognomy of the quadrupeds. But from what savage country does this man come, who, instead of a carriage, fastens his horse to two long poles, of which the ends joined trail upon the earth and carry the produce of the country? never have I seen any thing so near the infancy of society, and its misery. This, Sir, is the sixth city through which you have conducted me;" he says to me, "these men and these carriages are foreign to the habitations which surround this immense place—you have made me pass from one extremity of civilization to the other."

DESCRIPTION OF MOSCOW.

[From the Panorama, for October 1812.]

The possession of Moscow being at this moment the great object of Buonaparte, as affording the only security for winter quarters for his army, the following correct description of that important and beautiful city cannot prove uninteresting to our readers:—

Moscow, the ancient capital of the Russian Empire, and the residence of the Czars, is situated in the circle of its own name, in the fifty-fifth degree forty-five minutes latitude, and thirty-eighth degree East longitude, fourteen hundred and fourteen miles North-east of London. It stands in a pleasant plain, on the banks of the River Moskwa, from which it derives its name. Mr. Hanway says that river runs through it, and, making many windings, adds a very striking beauty to the city; but in summer it is in many places shallow and unnavigable. Several eminences, interspersed with groves, gardens and lawns, form the most delightful prospects. It is built somewhat after the Eastern manner, having but few regular streets, and a great number of houses with gardens. The number of churches in the city is computed at sixteen hundred, among which are eleven cathedrals, and two hundred and seventy-one parish churches; the rest either belong to convents, or may be considered as private chapels. Near the churches are hung up several large bells, which are kept continually chiming. The famous bell is of a stupendous size, and, our author observes, affords a surprising proof of the folly of those who caused it to be made. This bell is four hundred and forty three thousand seven hundred and twenty-two pounds weight, and was cast in the reign of the Empress Anne; but the beam on which it hung being burnt, it fell, and a large piece is broke out of it. Many of the churches have gilt steeples, and are magnificently decorated within with painting. The number of public edifices and squares at Moscow amounts to forty-three: only a part of the streets is paved; they are in general very dirty. The city is divided into four circles, one within another. The interior circle, or the Kremelin, which signifies a fortress, contains the following remarkable buildings: the old imperial palace, pleasure houses, and stables, a victualling-house, the palace which formerly belonged to the patriarch, nine cathedrals, five convents, four parish churches, the arsenal, with the public colleges and other offices. All the churches in the Kremelin have beautiful spires, most of them gilt, or covered with silver. The architecture is in the Gothic taste, but the inside of the churches is richly ornamented; and the pictures of the saints are decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones. In the cathedral called Sobor, which has no

less than nine towers, covered with copper and double gilt, is a silver branch with forty-eight lights, said to weigh two thousand eight hundred pounds. Here are deposited, in silver shrines, the remains of three archbishops, and in a box of gold is a robe brought from Persia, which is here looked upon as the identical garment worn by our Saviour. The remains of the Sovereigns of the Russian Empire and their male descendants are interred in St. Michael's church, and those of their consorts and the princesses are deposited in the convent of Tschudow; all these structures are lofty, spacious and built with stone. This circle is three hundred fathoms in diameter, and surrounded with very high and thick walls, flanked with six towers, planted with cannon, and also defended by deep moats and ramparts. From the above circle you pass over a handsome stone bridge, which is called Kitagorod, to the Chinese Town. There are here five streets, two cathedrals, eighteen parish churches, four convents, thirteen noblemen's houses, and nine public edifices: these are—the chief dispensary, in which the medicines are kept, of china porcelain, decorated with the imperial arms, and from this place the whole empire is supplied with medicines—the Mint, which is a superb structure, a magazine or warehouse, to which all goods are brought before they have paid duty—the Custom-house—the Ambassador's palace, which is converted into a silk manufactory—a Printing house—a Court of Judicature—the Physic Garden—and the Exchange, in which there are about a thousand handsome shops; here all commercial affairs are transacted, particularly what relates to the trade with China, whence this circle contains many merchants. This part of the city is fortified by a pretty high wall, strengthened with twelve towers and strong bulwarks. The third circle surrounds the former, and is named Bielorogod, or the White Town, from a white wall with which it is encompassed; it is also called Czars l'Town. The Neglina runs through this part of the city, from north to south: but though there are in this circle several kneses, boyars, merchants, and tradesmen, it is in many parts very dirty, and most of the houses are very mean; it includes seventy six parish churches, seven abbeys, eleven convents, and nine public edifices. There are two palaces, a cannon foundery, two markets, a brewhouse, a magazine of provisions, the salt-fish harbour, and the Bazil garden. At the timber market are sold new wooden houses, which may be taken to pieces and put together again where the purchaser pleases. The fourth circle is called Semlanoigorod, that is a town surrounded with ramparts of earth; it incloses the three preceding parts, and its ramparts include an area of great extent. The entrance was formerly by thirty-four gates of timber, and two of stone, but at

present only the two last are standing. Over one of these gates is a mathematical school and an observatory. This circle contains a hundred and three parish churches, two convents, an imperial stable, an arsenal for artillery, a mint, a magazine for provisions, and a cloth manufactory;—round these principal parts of the city lie the suburbs which are of a great extent, and contain sixty parish churches and ten convents. These suburbs resemble villages in other parts of the country, except the German quarter, which is the largest and handsomest, and contains two Lutheran churches, a grammar school, a Calvinist church, and a Romish church. This suburb is situated towards the East, on the river Yansa; to the West of it lies the palace of Annenhof, which has a good garden, and towards the North is a large and stately hospital. A little farther to the West stands the palace of the Empress Elizabeth. The number of inhabitants is supposed to amount to about a hundred and fifty thousand; these consist of statesmen, noble families and their servants, merchants, priests, monks, and servants belonging to the churches; mechanics, labourers, carriers, sledge drivers, &c. &c.

ACCOUNT OF MADEMOISELLE DE CLAIRON,

Communicated by herself, in a Letter to M. Meister, and never before published, either in the original or in English.*

[From the Panorama, for October 1812.]

[Mademoiselle de Clairon, the celebrated French actress, died in January 1803, at the age of eighty-three. The uncommon noises, which are the subject of this letter, are mentioned in the Memoirs of that actress, a translation of which was published in London a few years since. We have little faith in the marvellous, but the narrative is curious, and, as an interesting trait of human nature, deserves to be preserved. The letter was addressed to M. Henry Meister, a native of Zurich, who resided much at Paris in the character of literary agent to the Empress of Russia and several of the northern potentates. M. Meister printed many works, none of which have been translated into our language, excepting his Letters on England, which include an elegant French letter written by the Margravine of Anspach, with whom he was long in correspondence, and from whose husband, the late Margrave, he received a pension.]

Paris, 12th January, 1787.

MY youth, and the reception I met with on the stage at the Opera-Theatre, and that of the Comedie-Française, in the year 1743, procured me much attention from a number of young fops and old voluptuaries.

I was honoured likewise with the notice of some gentlemen of good sense and politeness. Of this number was M. de S—,

* Communicated by the Rev. W. Dupre.

a gentleman, who was greatly struck by my figure and attractions. He was the son of a merchant in Brittany; was about thirty years of age, of a good shape, and handsome person. He composed in verse with great elegance. His air and manner discovered that he had received the most finished education, and had been accustomed to keep the best company. The reserve and timidity of his address were such, that his passion for me was only to be discovered in his eyes and the respectfulness of his behaviour. After he had attended me a considerable time behind the scenes, I admitted of his visits at my own house, and gave him reason to believe he had inspired me with a mutual attachment. Perceiving this, he waited with patience till time produced more tender sentiments in his favor; and who can tell what might have followed had not my prudence and curiosity suggested a number of questions, his candor in replying to which entirely defeated his hopes. I discovered, that, being ashamed of inheriting a fortune acquired by trade, he had imprudently sold the estate bequeathed him by his father, in order to purchase one which should intitle him to rank at Paris as a marquis.

When a man is ashamed of his own condition in life he has no cause in my opinion to be offended with any one who shall happen to despise him. His temper was melancholic, and he was much given to conceive aversions and hatred. In his own opinion he knew so much of the world that he thought himself obliged to shun and despise all mankind, so that he wished to lead a recluse life, and had hopes that he could prevail on me to see no one but himself. This was a plan of life by no means agreeable to me. I was to be held by a wreath of flowers, but could not submit to be bound in an iron chain. From this time, our interviews, which were daily, became less and less frequent, and were in a little time reduced to visits of ceremony. I saw the necessity, and I broke off our connection and destroyed his hopes.

This indifference on my part brought on him a fit of sickness. During his illness I shewed him every mark of attention; but my constant refusal to fall into his scheme of living prevented his recovery. This poor young man had unfortunately given his brother-in-law a general power to act in his affairs, and he had received money for him, which he detained as part of his wife's fortune. This proceeding reduced M. de S—— to very great distress, and he was under the necessity of accepting my offer of the little money I could assist him with to provide the necessary comforts during his illness. When I think of the abject condition he was brought under by this cruel treatment on the part of his sister's husband, I am distressed beyond measure,

and you must yourself, my dear Henry, feel the necessity of keeping it a secret from all the world. I revere his memory, and would on no account abandon it to the cruel compassion of mankind. It is the first time I ever revealed this circumstance to any living creature, and it is from the great esteem I bear you that I now do it; at the same time that I beg you to observe the most religious silence on the subject. After some delay, he was put in possession of his just right, but his health was never restored to him. As I supposed my absence might be of benefit and tend to a recovery, I forebore to visit him; and, from my censuring to do so, I refused to receive any letter that came from him.

Two years and a half had elapsed from the commencement of our acquaintance to the time of his death. In his last moments he had entreated me to see him once more, but my friends persuaded me from it. He died, and had nobody with him when he drew his last breath but his servants, and an elderly lady who had lived with him for some little time before. He had apartments at that time on the Boulevards, near the Chaussée Dantin, in one of the houses then lately built on the spot.

I lived at that time with my mother in the Rue de Bussi, near the Rue de Seine and St. Germain's Abbey. I was accustomed to give frequent suppers to my friends. My constant visitors were, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, some of the actors, that worthy friend Pipelet, whom you recollect with so much regard, and Rosely, belonging to the same theatre as I did, a young man of good family, very promising, and of an excellent understanding. Forty years ago these little suppers were more gay than the entertainments, magnificent as they are, of the present day. At one of my suppers, just as I had finished singing an air which had given great satisfaction to my guests, and which they expressed with rapturous applause, the clock striking eleven at the same time, we heard the most *doleful cry*, continued for a length of time, and with so mournful an emphasis, that the whole company sat looking at each other with astonishment. For my part, I fainted away, and it was a full quarter of an hour before I could be brought to life.

When I recovered my senses, the keeper of the Privy Purse, who was fond of me, and rather of a jealous disposition, observed, with a malicious sneer, that, when I made my assignations, I should be careful that my signals were less dismal and alarming. I was nettled by this sarcasm, and I replied, that, 'as I was quite mistress of my own conduct, there was little necessity for signals, and that what he was pleased to style such had little the appearance of being a prelude to those delicious moments which lovers expect on an assignation.' The agitation and tremor I

was in after this alarm, my pale looks, some tears which I could not help shedding upon the occasion, and my entreaties to the company to sit up with me some part of the night, were so many proofs that I was ignorant of the cause of that which had so much alarmed them. We discoursed a great deal on the subject of the uncommon *noise*, and concluded on setting a watch in the street to discover, if possible, from whence it proceeded.

In short, the like *noise* was heard at the same hour for several nights after, seeming to proceed from the air. It was heard not only by my own people but by the neighbours and the officers of the police. As it was nearest my windows I could have no doubt but that the *noise* was intended for me, and for no one else. I rarely supped from home, but, when I did, my family heard nothing more than common whilst I was abroad. Sometimes, on my return home, whilst I was perhaps making inquiries of my mother or some of the family if any thing had happened, the *noise* would be heard betwixt me and them.

One evening after I had supped with the resident de R—, he was pleased to accompany me home, lest any accident should happen to me by the way. Just as he was taking leave of me at my own door, the *noise* was heard as if proceeding betwixt us both. The story of this uncommon visitation was current throughout Paris, and not unknown to him; but, nevertheless he was put into his carriage, and returned home more dead than alive. Another time I begged my brother actor, Rosely, to accompany me to the Rue St. Honoré, to purchase some articles I wanted, and afterwards to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. Phalien, at her lodgings near St. Denis-Gate. The subject of our discourse, by the way, was, concerning this *apparition*, (for so it began now to be styled,) and this young man, who did not want for understanding, having never heard the *noise*, had little faith in the matter, though he was much struck with the story. He advised me to call upon the apparition at that moment, and promised to have faith, if it answered me. From rashness, or a want of consideration, I did as he desired me, and the *cry* was repeated three several times in the most frightful manner. This happened just before we got to the door of our friend, Mademoiselle de Phalien's lodgings, and, when we arrived there, we were both, from the fright, in such a state of insensibility, that it was as much as the whole house could do to recover us.

After this dreadful alarm, I continued for some months without disturbance from the *noise*, and had hopes that I should never hear it again; but herein I had greatly deceived myself. On the marriage of the Dauphin, some theatrical performances were commanded at Versailles, at which place we were to remain for three days. A sufficient number of lodgings had been

omitted to be provided for the company, and Madame Grandval was without any. I waited with her whilst inquiry was made after one, but no lodging was to be had; and, it being three o'clock in the morning, I made her an offer of one of the two beds in a room, which was engaged for me in the avenue of St. Cloud. This offer she accepted; and accordingly, as soon as she had retired to her bed, I got into my own, and whilst the maid-servant who attended me, was undressing herself, and preparing to lie by my side, I happened to say, we are now in a manner out of the world; it is shocking bad weather, surely the *noise* will not follow us here. No sooner had I pronounced the words, than it was heard. Madame Grandval exclaimed, that hell itself had certainly broke loose, and she ran about the house in her shift like a woman possessed. We none of us slept a wink the whole night. This was the last time, however, that we ever heard this kind of *noise*.

Seven or eight days afterwards, whilst I was in discourse with my usual society of friends, exactly at the hour of eleven, we heard the report of a musket, fired, as we thought, against one of my windows. All of us heard the report, and saw the flash, yet not a single pane of glass received the smallest damage. We all concluded, that this was an attempt to take away my life, which, for the present being frustrated, it would be prudent to be guarded against for the future. Accordingly, the keeper of the Privy Purse applied to M. de Marville, at that time Lieutenant de Police, and his friend. Search was made the same night in the houses opposite to mine, and a watch placed; even my own house was diligently examined, and a number of spies placed in the street. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the same *noise* continued for three months, as if it were a musket discharged at my window, yet no one could discover from whence it proceeded. The reality of what I have been narrating is recorded in the registers of the police. I was now become accustomed to the evening gun, and thought it very civil in the *apparition* to amuse me thus with tricks of legerdemain.

One night, during warm weather, the keeper of the privy purse and I, not thinking of the hour, or the *apparition*, had opened the window, and were leaning over the balcony, when the clock struck eleven. At that moment we heard the usual report of the musket, which drove us into the middle of the room, where we lay as if struck dead. As soon as we were recovered of our fright, and had found that we had received no hurt, we compared notes, and found that each of us had received a violent cuff; he on the left side of his head, and I on the right. Recovered from our fright, we laughed most immoderately, like two fools as we were. The next night, nothing particular hap-

pened, but the night after, being invited by Mademoiselle Dumenil, to make one at a party given at her house, I got into a hackney-coach to go thither about eleven o'clock, accompanied by my waiting-maid. It happened to be a clear moon-light night, and, as the coach passed along the Boulevards, which was then nearly built over, and whilst I was taking notice of the houses that had been erected, my attendant asked me if it was not here that M. de S—— died? To this question I replied, that, according to what I had been told, it must be in one of those two houses, pointing at the same time with my finger. Immediately the *report of a gun* was heard, as before at my house, seemingly issuing from one of the two I had pointed at. The coachman, supposing we were attacked by robbers, whipped his horses to mend their pace, and we arrived at Mademoiselle Dumenil's, in a state of mind more easily to be conceived than described. For my own part, I did not recover from the fright for a considerable time. But, after this night, the same *noise* was never heard more; another, like that of *clapping hands*, succeeded it.

This was continued, and appeared to be regulated according to time, or measure. As the indulgence of the public had accustomed me to hear sounds of that sort very frequently, I was inattentive to these until some of my friends remarked to me, their having taken particular notice that this *noise* was repeated constantly at my door, at the hour of eleven. "We hear it very distinctly, (said they,) and yet we see nobody; this must certainly be something of the same kind with those *noises* you have heard before."

As there appeared nothing so very frightful in this *noise*, as in the others before heard, I have lost the recollection of the length of its continuance. As little did I attend to certain *melodious sounds* which I heard some time afterwards. It seemed as if some *fine voice* was preluding or humming over an air, preparatory to the execution of it. The sounds seemed to begin at some little distance from my door, and to cease when arrived at it: and, as in the cases already related, they were followed, were distinctly heard, yet nothing was ever discovered that could occasion them.

At the end of about two years and a half, nothing extraordinary was ever heard by me, or any one of my family. About that time, I found the house I occupied, from its neighbourhood to the market, and the number of persons inhabiting under the same roof, to be disagreeable. I wished for a more quiet situation, not only on account of the necessity of it, in order that I might pursue my studies without interruption, but because my health, which was declining, required it. Besides, I was somewhat more easy in point of circumstances, and I wished to im-

prove them still more. I was told of a house in the Rue du Marais, which went at the rent of twelve hundred livres. They informed me that it had been occupied for forty years by Racine; that it was in this very house that he composed his immortal works, and that he died in it: that, after his death, it had been inhabited by the pathetic Lecouvreur, and that she likewise had died in it. The very walls of such a mansion, (thought I) will inspire me with the sublimity of the author, and the pathos of the actress: this shall be my dwelling place; therein will I live, and therein will I die! Accordingly, I agreed to take it, and I affixed a bill upon the apartments I was about to quit.

Amongst the numbers who were in search of a house to reside in, there were many who came out of mere curiosity to look at me. As I was rarely to be seen off the stage, some people were desirous to view me when at home, and without the disguise of the theatre. They wished to hear what I should say, when I had no speech put into my mouth from the works of Racine, Corneille, or Voltaire. I am inclined to hope, that I have not less morality off the stage than on it; and that my conduct and sentiments are decently consistent: but you know that my stature is diminutive, and you must undoubtedly have heard it asserted, that I was near six feet high. Now, as at home, I employed none of those artifices which I practised in the theatre, I was there wholly myself; and I feared lest people, finding me shorter than they expected, might report me to be shorter than I am. I had learned, that whoever expects to benefit by an intercourse with men, must endeavour to deceive them; fortunately for me, my countrymen were at that time little given to make reflections on things, and I had reason to think they believed that I grew daily taller and taller. But you will say, why this digression? Your story is already spun out to too great a length. A truce with your remarks, and finish your narrative.

I confess your reprobation is very just; but you asked me for this history; I know not what you mean to do with it, yet I think I ought to omit no circumstance relating to it; there is not a single word that I trace with my pen but brings to my recollection how near you are to my heart. Is it my fault if my feeling heart continues to deceive me in spite of years, sickness, and misfortune? It is to you I write; I am inclined to believe that you attend to my little narrative, and will overlook the tedious dulness of it, with all that good humour which renders you so dear to your friends, and gains you so much esteem in all the societies of which you make a part. Alas! it is with regret that I quit these pleasing ideas to pursue the sequel of my story.

One day I was informed that an elderly lady wished to see my apartments, and, as it is a rule with me to pay the utmost possi-

ble respect to age, I waited upon her immediately. A certain emotion, for which I was not able to account, caused me to examine her person from head to foot, and my emotion was further increased, when I observed her doing the same with me. I pressed her to take a seat, which she did, and indeed we had both of us need enough of being seated. We continued silent for some time, but the eyes of both of us discovered a desire of speaking. She knew of course who I was, but I had no knowledge of her person; she therefore considered it as incumbent upon her to break this silence; accordingly she began nearly in the following manner.

“ It is a long time, Mademoiselle, since I have had a most earnest desire of ranking myself amongst the number of your acquaintance; as I am no frequenter of the theatre, and as I have no knowledge of any person who has the happiness to visit you, and being moreover unwilling to address you by letter, lest any explanation in that way might leave room for suspicions, and thus defeat my purposes, I have therefore taken advantage of the bill you have affixed for letting your apartment, to introduce myself, and enjoy the satisfaction I have so long sought after. You will be good enough to excuse the liberty I have taken; it is not to hire your lodgings that I come hither, they are, indeed, above my simple means; but I beg, however, you will permit me to see them; any place which you have made your residence must be interesting to my curiosity; your talents have obtained you such a degree of fame as can leave no doubt of your understanding, and I see now that I have not been deceived in the account I have received of your person; I wish to know only if the description I have had of your apartments are equally exact, that I may follow my unhappy friend step by step through all his hopes and disquietudes.”

To this I hastily replied, You cannot but see, Madam, that I am already much surprised, and even alarmed, at your discourse; and every word that proceeds from your lips does but increase my astonishment more and more. I must therefore insist that you explain yourself as to your errand hither, of whom it is you speak, and who you are yourself. I am not one who can submit to be trifled with. You must, Madam, either explain yourself to my satisfaction, or I must beg you to leave my house.

“ You are to know, Mademoiselle,” continued she, “ that I was the most intimate friend of the deceased M. de S——, and the only one he permitted visits from during the last year of his life. We have passed whole days together talking solely of you; one while speaking of you as a divinity, another time denouncing you to be a fury; I at the same time conjuring him to think

of you no more, and he declaring that his love of you should accompany him beyond the grave. But I perceive that your eyes are swimming in tears; you will just allow me to intrude only so far as to ask what could induce you to make his life so miserable; and why you refused one, who entertained so violent an affection for you, the consolation of seeing you once more?"

The heart is not to be controlled, replied I. M. de S—— was a deserving man, and had many good qualities, but his temper was vindictive, melancholy, and absolute, so that I dreaded his love, as much as I disliked his company. To have satisfied him I must have renounced all human society, and must have given up my profession; I was as proud as I was poor; it was ever my maxim, and I hope it will continue to be so, to be under obligations to no one, and to depend for support upon my own industry. I had a partiality for him, and therefore I strove what I could to make him entertain principles more consistent with propriety and justice; but it was all in vain, I could not prevail with him; so that, finding his infatuation to proceed rather from violence of temper than the force of his passion for me, I came to the determination, which I resolutely kept, of breaking off all connexion with him. The reason why I refused to visit him in his last moments, was, because the sight would have overpowered my feelings, and because, had I after that persisted in my former resolution, I should but have appeared the more cruel and inexorable; and, had I complied with his wishes, I should have made myself the most miserable of women. You have now, madam, heard the motives of my conduct, which I flatter myself is not altogether so blame worthy.

"I am far from blaming it," rejoined the old lady. "I should think myself guilty of great injustice if I did; we owe no sacrifice of ourselves but to our vows, to our parents, or our benefactors; and, in this last respect, I know well it is not you who were under obligations, for I have heard him express how greatly he was in your debt on that score; but his overbearing disposition, and his love tyrannized over him; he was not master of himself, and your last refusal to see him certainly hastened his end. When his servant returned with the message, exactly at half an hour past ten o'clock, (for he counted every minute as it passed after he had sent him to your house,) and told him that you were positively determined never to see him more, he remained silent for a minute or two, then, taking me by the hand, he pressed it in an agony which alarmed me, pronouncing these words at the same time, '*Oh the cruel woman! She shall suffer for this refusal—I will haunt her as long after death as I have followed her whilst living!*' I endeavoured to sooth him, but he was no more."

I believe, my dear friend, I need not tell you what I felt when the old gentlewoman pronounced these last words; the correspondence betwixt them and the *noises* I had so repeatedly been tormented with, instantly rushed upon my mind, and filled me with terror and astonishment. I at first imagined that all the powers of Heaven and Hell had combined to render my life wretched; but the quiet I afterwards experienced, and time, with the aid of reason and reflection, restored calmness to my breast. I thought within myself, that, as the course of things continued to be always the same in the universe, so was it not possible that a dead body should be restored to life; that, as the existence of a God was discoverable in every thing around us, he must be just and merciful; and, that when He, in his appointed time, thought proper to summon any living soul to quit this earth, there could be no return to it. And, I said to myself, who am I that I should suppose I am become an object of Almighty vengeance? Though He might judge proper in his wisdom to discover, by some alteration of the usual progress of nature, either his wrath or his beneficence, and thereby shew that the race of man is the object of his care; yet that any individual of mankind, who, compared to the whole of the human race, is but as a grain of sand to this globe of earth which we inhabit, should become the marked victim of his chastisement, seems neither probable nor consistent. Let us praise him, let us merit his divine protection, and let us not be presumptuous.

Reasoning in this manner, scrutinizing into my own conscience, and finding nothing in whatever had happened that could tend either to my edification or correction, I have been inclined to think the whole of what I have related to be the effects of chance. I know not the nature of chance; but this I can venture to believe, that what is so termed, has the greatest influence over all that is passing in this world.

You are now released. This is the whole of my history, and of my observations on it. Make what use of them you please. If it be your intentions to communicate this letter to any one, I beg of you only, in that case, to use the initial of the name; I have sent it to you at length, that you may judge by such confidence, as well as by the labour which this letter has cost me in penning, under my present weakness of body and mind, the perfect attachment and very high esteem, with which I am, &c.

POETRY.

THE first part of the following quaint poem is an old composition by an unknown hand; the second part was written by the celebrated Mr. Ralph Erskine, heretofore minister in Dunfermline, and one of the most active leaders of that class of Presbyterians, known even to the present times by the name of Seceders from the established church of Scotland. The good man had been of opinion, that smokers, while they were indulging their appetite for the fumes of tobacco, might be worse employed than in occasionally directing their minds to subjects of a serious nature.

[From the European Magazine for September, 1812.]

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

This Indian weed now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shews thy decay;
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone, with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the Plant of Great Renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And, by the mouth of faith, conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so;
Till heavenly fire
Your hearts inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers,
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Glasgow, September, 1812.

K.



THE DUKE'S FEAST.

[From Mr. Elton's Tales of Romance.]

THE moon had sunk in clouds; a storm was nigh,
And eddy leaves came scattering on the blast;
The merchant round him turn'd an anxious eye,
As yet scarce half the forest length was past;
While mingling with the gloom a deeper dread,
The passing thunder roll'd in murmurs o'er his head.

The steed shook wild his ruffled mane; around
The oak-trees old rock'd roaring in the gale;
And pines their branches stoop'd with crashing sound;
Drear clos'd the darkness on the lightning pale;
When through the forest breaks a light from high
Shone distant, as it seem'd, a watch-tower in the sky.

With livelier cheer the traveller wound the glade,
Till climbing slow the dark hill's hanging steep,
Th' illuminated turrets he survey'd,
Whose light had glimmer'd thro' those forests deep;
Beneath a stately castle's walls he stood,
That, flank'd with lofty towers, o'ertopp'd th' inferior wood.

Beside the gate was hung a brazen horn;
The pediment was grav'd with golden scroll;
"Here food and shelter wait the wretch forlorn,
"Who owns the treasure of a grateful soul."
The merchant to his lips that horn applied,
The hollow mountain-glen re-echoed far and wide.

Straight quivering streaks illume the granite walls,
From many a gliding torch reflected bright;
Shrill ring the gates; expand the tapestried halls,
And blooming pages guide his steps aright;
With busy hands disrobe the way-worn guest,
And lave in tepid streams, and clothe in downy vest.

Thence o'er a smooth mosaic floor he treads,
 Of greenest marble is the vast saloon;
 A crystal lamp its chequering lustre sheds,
 As o'er some valley shines the shadowy moon;
 The figur'd arras waves, and on his sight
 Sudden a presence-room bursts in a blaze of light.

His foot on cushion rais'd of cloth of gold,
 One sat beneath a purple canopy:
 His clustering locks in raven blackness roll'd,
 Pale was his hollow cheek, like fire his eye;
 In cloak of ermin'd crimson he was clad;
 But rueful was his mien; his smile was sad.

Knights in gay green appear'd; and clad in rose
 Sat ladies young with pearl-ybraided hair;
 The duke Onulphus from his throne arose,
 And plac'd the merchant in a golden chair;
 Full opposite the duchess thron'd was seen;
 Soft was her pensive smile, and chaste her modest mien.

But oh! how tempting fair; her hazel eye
 Swam dark in beaming languishment of hue;
 Her smooth and jetty brows were arch'd on high,
 Her shading lashes lengthen'd on the view;
 The crimson of her cheek rose mantling warm,
 A lucid robe scarce veil'd her lightly rounded form.

None may that bosom's orb'd luxuriance tell,
 As marble firm, and dazzling as the snow;
 The gazer's heart, while soft it rose and fell,
 Beat with a like pulsation to and fro;
 And oh! the moisture of the scarlet lip,
 That clos'd these pearly teeth, it had been heaven to sip.

Apart she sat, distinguish'd from the rest,
 A violet mantle from her shoulders flow'd;
 A zone of diamonds grasp'd her throbbing breast,
 And on her tapering fingers rubies glow'd;
 Gems quiver'd in her ears; and round her head
 Gather'd in braiding gold the jetty tresses spread.

Here gaz'd Basilius; nor the lady's gaze
 Disdain'd to melt and mingle with his own;
 At once his blood was kindled in a blaze,
 His pulses throb'd with tumults yet unknown;
 Flush'd was his cheek, and humid were his eyes,
 And every nerve was thrill'd with trembling ecstacies.

But still, whene'er he turn'd his eyes aside,
 The Duke's stern glance would seem to read his soul;
 Then through his heart would icy terrors glide,
 Till once again her gaze electric stole
 On his attracted gaze, and once again
 The guilty flames were shot through every shivering vein.

Now to the trumpet's silver sound behold
 The banquet serv'd; the golden beakers shine;
 The viands rich are pil'd in massive gold,
 Reddens in golden cups the sparkling wine;
 The merchant swims in bliss; the duke demands
 A health, and courteous gives the goblet to his hands.

Then smiling bends the guest his wishful eyes
 To that fair Duchess, when the goblet falls
 From his slack grasp; what sudden horrors rise!
 What ghastly spectacle his sight appals!
 In her white hand she held a human skull,
 A page stood by with wine, and fill'd it to the full.

She bows, and lifts it to her smiling lips,
 But her smooth brow is ruffled by a frown;
 Tears drop into the draught; and, while she sips,
 O'er her high-heaving breast run trickling down.
 The Merchant on Onulphus turn'd his look;
 Again that eagle eye his breast with lightning strook.

Ill far'd the traveller through that horrid feast,
 Tho' perfumes breath'd, and music warbled round:
 Full glad was he when all the banquet ceas'd,
 Fain would he fly from that enchanted ground;
 But now those blooming boys the torches bear,
 And his reluctant steps ascend the jasper stair.

The plumes of ostrich nodded o'er the bed,
 That stood by silver eagles propp'd on high;
 The velvet curtains glow'd with deepest red;
 And wav'd the walls with pictur'd tapestry;
 Large as the life appear'd those shadows bright,
 Their stately forms mov'd slow to every breeze of night.

There from the book of Troy was wrought the tale,
 Here Helen smil'd at Menelaus' side:
 There look'd she back, while far the bellying sail
 In flight convey'd her o'er the rolling tide:
 Here her white arms enfold th' adulterous boy,
 And there she wailing sees the gathering flames of Troy.

There too the mighty Agamemnon bled
 Within the marble bath, by ruffian sword;
 Here was the feast by Clytemnestra spread,
 The gay adulterer grac'd the regal board:
 There his good blade the stern Orestes drew,
 And o'er a mother's corse his veiling mantle threw.

His arms in musing thought the Merchant folds,
 And, touch'd with sadness, views the storied walls:
 When sudden he a gilded niche beholds,
 As with slant gleam the lamp reflected falls;
 Within the niche two glooming tapers burn,
 Whose flickering light shows dim an alabaster urn.

Who may the stranger's shuddering anguish paint,
 When in that vase he look'd, and saw enclos'd
 A human heart!—with rising horrors faint
 He sought his couch; and lay, but not repos'd;
 When clang'd the doors; and lo! the Duke—who led
 That lovely dame, her locks dishevell'd from her head.

That heart, with myrrh and cassia balm'd, he took,
 And to her lips with courteous mockery rais'd;
 That heart she kiss'd, while he with searching look
 On her flush'd cheek unalterably gaz'd:
 Then, while her sobbing breast rose heaving fast,
 The vase was clos'd, and they from forth the chamber pass'd.

Up sprang the trav'ller when the morning broke,
 And left the chamber with a beating breast;
 The Duke encountering smil'd, and gracious spoke,
 And ask'd if sweet his fare, if soft his rest;
 Basilius bow'd the knee, but frankly said,
 How that his breast was scar'd, and terrified his bed.

Stern smil'd his host, and led him where a room
 Was rich with painting, gold, and ebony;
 Without the casements roses wreath'd their bloom,
 And woodbines droop'd in cluster'd canopy:
 Its blossom'd boughs the myrtle green entwin'd,
 And orange-trees with sweets impregnated the wind.

Rare needle-work the colour'd hangings wove,
 The silken scene did loyal loves display:
 Knights in their helmets wore the gage of love,
 Or at the feet of damsels courteous lay:
 But all was stilly gloom; what seem'd a bed
 Rose underneath an arch, with sable pall o'erspread.

Unseen the harp is touch'd; the whilst they taste
 The luscious fruit, and drink metheglin sweet,
 Slow to the Merchant's thought the moments waste,
 Till rose the Duke in silence from his seat;
 That sable pall he rais'd, and pointing stood;
 The azure couch blush'd red—it was the stain of blood!

Then pray'd the trembling merchant to depart,
 The gorgeous misery sicken'd on his brain;
 The mystic drinking-skull; th' embalmed heart,
 The purple horror of the secret stain!—
 “Lo! here,” Onulphus cried, “my bridal bower!
 “And here my consort clasp'd her guilty paramour.

“Like thee, my guest, he caught the roving glance
 “Of Rosimund, and lur'd her to her shame;
 “I saw; I found them in their sinful trance,
 “And quench'd in blood the barb'rous ingrate's flame;
 “It is the will of heaven that I should be
 “The still-avenging scourge of her inconstancy.

“This carbuncle that on my finger glows
 “Was once a living serpent's precious eye;
 “Thus did an Arab sage his night's repose
 “Requite, of necromantic potency;
 “For still, when woman's faith would go astray,
 “This modest jewel pales its bright and sanguine ray.

“And still, whene'er her thoughts to vice incline,
 “That cup is brought to med'cine her offence;
 “And tears of rage then mingle with her wine,
 “Would they were chang'd to tears of penitence!
 “I may not dare, till she be chaste and true,
 “So warn'd by holy dreams, remit the penance due.

“Now go in peace!” he said, and clasp'd him round
 With courteous arms; the gates unfolding rang;
 A barb with golden bit there paw'd the ground,
 The grateful Merchant to the saddle sprang
 Pensive he left the castle walls; but thence
 He bore a wiser heart, and firmer innocence.